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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1895.

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MR. PLATT AND HIS CONFIDING FLOCK.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

NEW YORK CITY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1895.

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THE DECAY OF POLITICAL PARTIES.

THE three most notorious party bosses in the country are Senator GORMAN, in Maryland, Senator QUAY, in Pennsylvania, and ex-Senator PLATT, in New York, the first ruling the Democratic, the other two the Republican organizations of their respective States. We should have added Senator HILL of New York to the list as a Democratic boss, had not his defeat in the State election of last year stripped him of much of his prestige. He is, however, busily manœuvring—demagogue fashion—to recover the lost ground, with a promising chance of success. Against each one of the three bosses in power strong movements were recently made "inside the party" to break their dictatorship, but each one has succeeded in defeating his adversaries inside the party, and in maintaining himself in absolute control of the party organization, which he may properly call his own. What they need now to make their triumph complete and to confirm the supremacy of their power is that the candidates for public position whose nomination they have dictated, or may still dictate, should receive the full party vote at the election.

Party men who are still animated with self-respect and with patriotic motives should well consider what this means. Here is Senator GORMAN, the Mephistopheles of the Democracy, who betrayed his party by betraying its cause for the advantage of selfish interests, now ruling the Democratic organization in his State by using its worst elements as a well-drilled force of expert wire-pullers and thugs. It is true Mr. GORMAN found it expedient at his State Convention to pass resolutions eulogizing President CLEVELAND (whom he had reviled, and sought to baffle in his patriotic endeavors), and favoring tariff reform and sound money (causes which he had assiduously labored to break down); but everybody understands that the passage of such resolutions was only intended to deceive the unwary, and will not prevent him from pursuing the same treacherous course again. Here is Senator QUAY, but recently wincing under charges by no means cleared up yet, which made gentlemen hesitate to return his salute on the street; whose character and reputation were for a time regarded as too monstrous a burden for any party to carry; whose peculiar prestige arose only from his ability to purchase votes at wholesale; whose career represents everything that is unclean and repulsive in politics; and who yet has been able to put his heel on the neck of his opponents inside the party, and to force its State Convention to pay homage to his mastery. It is true he ordered that convention to pass declarations against the use of money in elections and in favor of civil service reform, but this ghastly performance drew only ironical laughter from his henchmen. They would disperse at once did they not know that this whole reform talk was meant to be mere bait for political gudgeons, put forth with the most impudent assumption that the people are idiots. And here is Mr. PLATT, who has never given the slightest sign of any statesmanship except that of knowing in his State every corporation that can be blackmailed, every newspaper that can be bought, every greedy politician that can be controlled by promise or threat, and every influence that will lend itself to political intrigue. These are the things, and the only things, he understands and knows how to manage; and by managing them he has, in spite of all opposition inside the party, made the regular party organization his servant, and its conventions, in the main, mere mouth-pieces of his will.

When we consider that these men stand for none of the higher aims of political life on either side; that they appeal to none of the nobler aspirations of the citizen; that, on the contrary, they never hesitate to sacrifice the public interest or the pledges of their parties to the success of their selfish machinations; that the methods they rely upon are systematically addressed to motives of greed, make sport of all principle of political morals, and must therefore inevitably tend to eliminate conscience from politics, and that this system of boss rule, as it triumphs in some States, will by natural contagion infect others—what must be our conclusion? That our political parties are threatening altogether to miss the objects which justify their existence in the body politic, and to become a grave danger to the successful working of our democratic institutions of government, and thus to the public welfare. It is self-evident that in the same measure as the power of bossism grows, that is, as political party organizations transform themselves into mere well-drilled bands of mercenaries obeying the command of chieftains engaged in politics as a business for the gratification of the lust of power or of profit, they become inaccessible to the moral forces in politics, and convert themselves into mere engines of rapacity and oppression. It is high time that good citizens should open their eyes to the progress which this development has already made, as anew exemplified by the recent Republican State conventions, in the two greatest States of the Union, and to the advance it is making in others, and that, with minds unclouded by partisan spirit, they should consider the means to avert the growing danger.

The problem thus presented is a complex one, and very difficult of complete solution. But there are two things which to every clear-headed man will at once appear indispensable to that end. In the first place, universal experience proves that to rid a party of a boss, mere opposition "inside the party" is never sufficient. The well-disciplined and unscrupulous cohorts of the boss will almost always defeat the opposition in those preliminary procedures by which the composition of caucuses and conventions is determined; and if then the outwitted or out-manœuvred opposition meekly accept the result, and vote the boss's ticket for fear of "hurting the party," bossism will be as secure as if no opposition existed. This is not mere theoretical reasoning, but history. The secession of public-spirited men from the boss-ridden party, defeat of the party, again and again, until bossism disappears from it by action outside of the party, is the only opposition policy that will produce any practical effect. Whoever abhors bossism must not be afraid of independence.

In the second place, we should, as much as possible, strip the boss of the means to reward his henchmen. One of the principal sources of his power is the manipulation of the patronage. The more offices and salaries he has to distribute, the more he will attract the mercenary crowd; the less spoil he is able to give, the less he is able to rule. Civil service reform, withdrawing public places from the reach of arbitrary favor and subjecting them to the merit system, is the most dangerous enemy to bossism. The extension of that reform over the whole field of the public service, and its strict enforcement, must therefore be regarded as the most powerful as well as the most indispensable means to ward off the danger arising from the perversion of political parties now in progress, and to restore them to their legitimate functions as organized agencies of political opinion.

THE REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION.

THE Republican State Convention of New York was held at Saratoga on the 17th of the present month. It was dominated by the "boss" who has done most to bring the party into disrepute among the people of New York. There was little difference of opinion manifested. The party obeyed the behest of its leader, whose interest it is to fasten the rule of Tammany on this city, and who is bent, to that end, on securing a Republican majority in the Legislature. The old State officers were renominated, and a platform was adopted denouncing most of Mr. CLEVELAND'S most popular acts. It is not our intention to enter upon a discussion of the merits or demerits of that document at present. It is sufficient to say that while it is naturally for sound money, it contains suggestions of nearly every proposition in the list of dead political heresies that will invite defeat in 1896.

One seeming bit of revolt against PLATT appeared to succeed. Mr. FASSETT found it useless to make his promised fight, but Mr. WARNER MILLER insisted that PLATT'S purpose to remain silent on the excise question should not be carried out. Therefore he offered a resolution favoring the administration of the Sunday law "in the interest of labor and morality." PLATT, evidently thinking that the plank was harmless, directed Speaker FISH to make a speech in favor of it, and the amendment was carried unanimously after an oration by Mr. MILLER in favor of the Sunday closing of liquor saloons. So there was no real revolt, after all.

Whatever PLATT may think of Mr. MILLER'S resolution, however, the people of the State will believe that the Republican party is committed to the retention of the present law. This is what PLATT and Tammany want, of course. The present law means rich opportunities for blackmail, and blackmail means generous campaign funds, and something over for the "bosses" and the "heelers."

It is evaded in all the cities of the State except for the moment in New York, and will probably continue to be evaded. The present strict enforcement of it in this city may continue through Mayor STRONG'S administration, but whenever Tammany and PLATT return to power, the saloon-keeper with the "pull" and the blackmailing policeman will once more control the liquor traffic and city politics.

What the city and the State need is a modification of the present law, having due regard to the rights and wishes of those who want a quiet and Christian Sunday. A rational solution of the problem depends on the character of the Legislature. If a law can be framed that will make the liquor-dealer independent of PLATT and Tammany, a good deal will be gained. But if PLATT, or PLATT and Tammany jointly, control the Legislature, we shall have the present law, and, with it, the vile corruption that flourished under CROKER. So far as this city is concerned, the men who made Mr. STRONG Mayor ought to see to it that the combination shall not succeed in maintaining a law which has enabled Tammany to tyrannize over the whole community. They must nominate and elect candidates for the Senate and Assembly who will not support PLATT and CROKER in their efforts to rule once more through the influence and votes of bribe-paying saloon-keepers.

CIVIL SERVICE AND THE "OLD VETERAN."

THE enemies of civil service reform are pretty generally using what they call the "old veteran" to make the reform laws ineffective. The statute passed over Governor GREENHALGE'S veto in Massachusetts is an instance of this. The Legislature of New York also undertook last winter to save the "old veteran" of the politicians from the wreck of the spoils system, notwithstanding the new constitutional provision that was supposed to place the whole civil service of the State under the merit system. The erudite and cunning tools of PLATT and HILL thought they saw a loop-hole for escape from that provision. The Constitution directed that "appointments and promotions.... shall be made according to merit and fitness, to be ascertained, as far as practicable, by examinations, which, so far as practicable, shall be competitive." Soldiers and sailors of the late war were granted preference after their names were once on the list. But our law-makers said that competitive examinations were "not practicable" in the case of soldiers and sailors applying for positions the compensation attached to which did not exceed four dollars a day, and a judge was found to sustain this act. Fortunately, however, the single judge has been reversed by the General Term of the Supreme Court of the Second Department, and in a strong and lucid opinion the court holds that the Legislature cannot add to the preferences bestowed by the Constitution upon veterans, and that the law-making power's decision as to what is or is not practicable must be reasonable, and is subject to review by the courts. In other words, so long as the courts are virtuous and independent of the spoilsmen, the legislative branch of the government will not be permitted to beat the Constitution.

In Chicago, too, the spoilsmen are using the "old veteran" as a club with which to destroy or wound civil service reform. It is a wonder that the thousands of honest old soldiers and sailors do not rise up at this hypocritical outrage upon good government, which is quite as much of an insult to the patriotic men who fought for the Union as are the frauds committed in their name on the pension laws. In Chicago, the Civil Service Commissioners, obeying the direction of the new law, from which so much good has been expected, have fixed an age limit for admission to the service. Under their rules a man cannot obtain employment as a laborer who is more than fifty-five years of age, and no one can enter the police force after

he is thirty-five. These certainly are reasonable limitations. It is, however, the limit of age of forty-five years for admission to the clerical service of which the bitterest complaint is made.

No sooner was the regulation promulgated than the politicians began to cry out that it was an assault upon the "old veteran." As yet we have seen no sign that the real "old veteran" himself has been greatly stirred up over the matter, but the politicians and the partisan newspapers of Chicago are greatly excited. In answer, the commissioners have written a letter, from which we quote the following calm and rational statement as to the purport of the rule:

"The 'classified service,' as contemplated by the law, is in the nature of a calling or profession, the duties of which are to be learned by beginning at the bottom and gradually working up from one grade to another, until the highest positions are reached. In establishing the age limit at forty-five years the commission does not undertake to say that there may not be many persons over that age in Chicago who are mentally and physically qualified to fill any position in the city civil service. But, as examinations are held for entrance to the lower grades only, it is believed that a better permanent service can be secured by filling those places with comparatively young persons — persons who, through gradual promotion, if found worthy, may hope in ten, fifteen, or twenty years to reach the higher positions of authority and responsibility, bringing with them a knowledge gained by experience of the duties of every position below them."

The commissioners are clearly right in thinking that the best way to build up a service that shall not only be independent of party politics, but shall be as efficient as a clerical service may be, is to secure young men who will remain in it, learn its rules, its routine, and the best way to discharge the duties of public office with the least cost and the least friction to the citizens, until in the end the work of municipal government, in all its clerical branches, shall be thoroughly well performed by a body of trained and experienced servants.

It is not likely that many real and honest veterans, who are fitted for the performance of clerical duties, would want, at their necessarily advanced age, to enter the service in the lowest grade, and it is to this grade that the age limit applies. Many of the so-called "old veterans," however, who take part in efforts to defeat the law, are too young to remember much about the war, and they know little of the soldiers whose zeal and passion for their country carried them to battle in the cause of the Union. Besides these, there are men who call themselves "old veterans" who may have gone to the war, but who, if they wore the uniform, did little credit to it; for they assumed it from some other motive than that which inspired the real soldiers, whose cheeks now burn with shame at the thought of the base uses to which the glories of the great conflict are put by greedy "sharks" and corrupt demagogues. There are many other "old veterans" who never saw a battle-field, but who did see many camps when bounties were liberal, while some of them may have been inside of prisons where bounty-jumpers were confined. Such men as these have done their utmost to make the pension list anything but a "roll of honor," and now they and their fellows, the "bosses" and the "heelers" of both the great parties, are striving to defeat the laws which have been established for making the administration of the public business worthy of the country, of its intelligence, its morality, its place among the nations of the world, and worthy also of the noble sacrifices that were made for it by the men in whose liveries these travesties of "old veterans" are masquerading. To those whose hopes and aspirations are for pelf the terrible sacrifices of the war mean nothing, but to those who made the sacrifices the welfare and honor of the country mean everything, and so we may soon expect to hear from the old soldiers whose scars and triumphs are not for sale, such denunciations of the men who are using their honored names for the defeat of civil service reform as they have already pronounced against the pension fraud and his attorney.

There is no more merit in the cry of the "bummer," the "camp-follower," and the "boss" against the age limit adopted by the Civil Service Commissioners of Chicago than in the demagogic law of Massachusetts, which even Governor GREENHALGE could not stand, or in the act by which PLATT'S New York Legislature tried to sneak behind the constitutional provision which embodied the decree of the people that "appointments and promotions in the civil service of the State, and of all the civil divisions thereof, including cities and villages, shall be made according to merit and fitness." So far as New York is concerned, the "old veteran" trick will probably not work, for it is not likely that the Court of Appeals will reverse the decision made by the General Term of the Supreme Court of the Second Department; and it is especially to be hoped that in Chicago the vicious element will be defeated, for the movement for better government under the merit system has gone further and gained more in that city, in promise at least, than in any other municipality in the country.

A NEW BOND ISSUE.

IT is probably the belief of the bankers of the country, including the members of the bond syndicate, that there must be another bond issue. The WEEKLY pointed out in its issue of August 31st that gold would probably go out of the country as soon as the syndicate became unable or unwilling to maintain the government reserve at $100,000,000. The time for large exportations came sooner than we expected. The central fact of the situation is that so long as the Treasury is short of money, and so long as the government's demand paper is ready to the hands of those who are in a position to make money by exporting gold, so long will the reserve continue to be depleted.

It is not likely, however, that large exports of gold will again or immediately create a panic. Prosperity is on a firm footing. Business has sprung up. Buying at home and abroad is active. The factories and mills are running on full time. Wages have advanced, and there are few idle laborers. It would take an enormous shock to the monetary system and condition of the country to overturn this new prosperity. It is likely that Congress alone possesses the power for the doing of so much evil, and it is to be hoped that by its next meeting Congress will have learned a lesson from the experiences of the last two years, and that the House will show that the Populists of the Senate are not likely to make any impression on the currency laws of the country.

The Secretary of the Treasury is bound to maintain a reserve. It is perfectly true that no law requires him to do this in so many words, but the laws have put the Treasury in the banking business, and prudent bankers invariably keep on hand a reserve with which to meet a sudden call to pay their demand obligations. If the outflow of gold lowers the reserve dangerously, the Secretary must borrow money, and he must continue to issue bonds until Congress shall come to his assistance by directing the redemption of the greenbacks and the Treasury notes. If he be forced to borrow again, however, the Secretary of the Treasury ought not to hesitate to take the public into his confidence, and to offer his securities in the open market. He is bound until October 1st to give the syndicate the option, but at his own price and on his own terms. If the syndicate does not want to take the bonds on such terms as seem fair to Mr. CARLISLE, let him offer them to the highest bidder.

The conditions of the country are not the same as they were when the last bonds were disposed of to the syndicate. The revenues are increasing, and it is probable that within a few months they will exceed the expenditures. When that condition is reached the Treasury will be able to keep its reserve intact without a resort to bond issues. Mr. CARLISLE assumed a great responsibility when he sold bonds on private terms. But his action was compelled by the refusal of Congress to come to the government's assistance. Now, however, there is no such crisis as then existed, and if bonds must be sold they ought, if possible, to be offered in the open market and disposed of to the highest bidder.

Another consideration ought to weigh with the Secretary when he is arranging the programme of a sale. If there must be a bond issue, the securities will still be coin bonds. It will be recollected that Congress declined to give the Secretary power to issue gold bonds, although if such a law as Mr. CLEVELAND asked for had been passed, the country would have saved $16,000,000 in interest on the syndicate issue. There is no absolute necessity now for the passage of a gold-bond act, for the dying out of the silver craze gives sufficient assurance to the commercial world that a United States coin bond will always be redeemed in gold.

It is to be hoped that no new issue of bonds will be necessary. Not much of good is to be expected from a Senate in which the Populists hold the balance of power; but if the House only act wisely it may compel sound action in the Senate through a union of honest-money Republicans and Democrats. It is true that Mr. REED will be Speaker, and it is also probably true that, but for his advice, the Republicans of the House would last winter have voted for gold bonds, but Mr. REED was then seeking to prevent the Democratic party from winning the honor of saving the country's credit, and it may be that he will be wiser now that his own party controls the House of Representatives, and is responsible for what that body does or does not do. The House ought to pass an act authorizing the issue of short-time low-rate revenue bonds, and another retiring the government's paper currency. And if after that bonds are necessary, they ought to be sold at public auction.

A DEFECT OF OPPORTUNITY.

SPEAKING some time ago of the proposed testimonials to Dr. GRACE, the eminent English cricketer, the London *Times* said: "Many would have been glad to see his name in the Birthday list, since Lord's is at least as national as the Lyceum, and since a Prime Minister who twice wins the Derby might be supposed to have a fellow-feeling for the man who has made the other national sport illustrious." This suggestion of the *Times* that Dr. GRACE is a fit person to be knighted illustrates as well as anything the sort of distinction he has won for himself in the years in which he has been perfecting his claim to be called the first cricketer in the world. Dr. GRACE'S name is a household word in English families. He is not merely the idol of school-boys and college-men and youth with athletic dispositions, but he seems to have about as good a title as any man in England to be looked upon as a national hero. His achievements are respected as well as admired.

It is interesting and more or less instructive for us Americans to reflect that no such career as that of Dr. GRACE is possible on this side of the salt seas. We have at present no national game in which an amateur player can make a national reputation by the co-operative exercise of his brains and his muscles. Baseball, which is the nearest thing we have to a national game, is played for the most part by boys and hired men. As a sport for young fellows in college it is admirable, but nowadays when our adult working-men play baseball they do it commonly for hire. It is not so good a sport as cricket for men of mature years. They can play it, to be sure, but no man of forty-seven—Dr. GRACE'S age—is likely to find himself at the height of his effectuality in baseball.

Football even more is a game for the younger men. Among our polo-players there are a good many hard-working men of forty and upwards, who take time for polo from more serious duties, and are very earnest and successful in their devotion to that sport. But polo is too expensive to become generally popular, and it is only in a popular game that a national reputation can be earned.

It is possible for the adult American to get his exercise and the recreation which is so good for his health by playing golf, or tennis, or one old cat, or some gentle form of football or polo, or even baseball itself. He is under no compulsion to let his thews dwindle away from lack of use. He can ride horses and bicycles, for that matter, into his extreme old age. But however much he glories in sports, he cannot expect that his devotion to them will make him famous in his maturity. He must gather in his crop of athletic laurels while he is young, and perhaps when he is a well-preserved old fogy of fifty he will have sons whose renown as college pitchers or half-backs will soothe the pangs of an ambition prematurely quenched.

ONCE MORE THE HORSE.

As the flavor of autumn begins to be tasted in the air, and the attraction of salt-water and marine sports loses some of its intensity, the horse begins to assert himself once more, and to demonstrate the indispensable quality of his hold on civilization. The hunt clubs have either already begun to hunt or are thinking seriously of it, and hunter men are exercising their quadrupeds or buying new ones. Proprietors of candidates for honors at county fairs are getting their beasts into condition, and one hears the first whispers of that flow of autumnal horse-talk which swells into a torrent just before the November Horse Show. It is excusable at this season to recall, with such moderate decision as charity permits, the recent tendency of some short-sighted contemporaries to flout the horse as a quadruped once tolerated in considerable numbers because of his usefulness, but now in great measure superseded by such handy contrivances as the bicycle and the trolley-car. A conservative journal ventured to speak not long ago of the horse as an animal that has been found out, dwelling upon his "extraordinary imperfections as a machine," and asserting that, "what with his diseases and tenderness and temper and stupidity, he has been singularly ineffective as a mode of motion." It is true that the use of electricity and the invention of pneumatic tires have released the horse from certain forms of ignoble servitude to which he has been long in bondage. It is also true that the immense rage for bicycling has diverted the energies of some fit, and very many unfit, former patrons of the horse to that means of locomotion. It is true that common horses are being ground up for fertilizers in the Northwest, that the livery-stable business has been slack, and that inferior, tricky, and vicious horses are so cheap that they are more apt than formerly to fall into hands unfit to deal with them. But it is a great mistake to suppose that the day of the horse is past. The truth is that it has just come. The doctrine of the survival of the fittest has a chance to work now in horseflesh such as it never had before. The best horses are worth as much as ever; fair horses bring fair prices; poor horses are not worth their keep. There is consequently a stronger motive than ever for raising good horses, and for not raising any other sort. The bicycle has been a craze this year. Its use will continue, for it is a most convenient machine, and a great boon to persons who can afford nothing better. But as an appliance of luxury it is not to be compared with horse. It is not beautiful nor interesting. It cannot travel on a bad road; it is unhandy for use at night, except on smooth well-lighted streets; it is liable to puncture, and a great number of other ailments, most of which overtake it at a considerable distance from home; it can carry no considerable load except its rider; it requires constant attention to keep it right side up, and constant exertion to keep it moving. Finally, it is bad for trousers and destructive to skirts, and cannot be ridden with satisfaction by man or woman except in a costume devised for the purpose. The idea that it will supersede the horse as an appurtenance to sport or the carriage as an appliance of luxury is perverse and absurd. It will do the horse nothing but good. It will improve the roads for him, and, in conjunction with the trolley-car, will release him from some loathsome forms of drudgery and from much misuse. It is the best friend the horse ever had; for, beyond any machine yet invented, it tends to keep him out of unfit hands, and reserves him for the delight and service of persons able to appreciate him and qualified to make him useful and happy.

Rhys Thomas as Vasquez. | John Brand as Ferdinand. | Christie MacDonald as Dolly. | Lulu Glaser as Rita. | Francis Wilson as Peter.

"YOU OUGHT TO PUBLISH YOUR ADVENTURES."

AS PETER GRIGG;

—FRANCIS WILSON—

AS THE BANDIT CHIEFTAIN.

J. C Miron as Sancho. | Francis Wilson as Peter. | E. P. Temple as José.

"OUR CAPTAIN YOU MUST BE."

SCENES FROM BURNAND AND SULLIVAN'S NEW COMIC OPERA, "THE CHIEFTAIN," AT ABBEY'S THEATRE, NEW YORK.

[See Page 917.]

"YOU WOULDN'T SEND THE BOY TO SING SING, WOULD YOU?"

HIS FATHER'S SON.*

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS,

AUTHOR OF "VIGNETTES OF MANHATTAN," "A STORY OF A STORY AND OTHER STORIES," "STUDIES OF THE STAGE," "AMERICANISMS AND BRITICISMS," ETC.

XVII.

THE office of Mr. Sargent was in the Bowdoin Building, No. 76 Broadway, under the shadow of the steeple of Trinity Church. The building was old, but the office itself had been recently refitted. Sargent was an epicurean, and he saw no reason why the rooms in which he spent the best part of the day should not be as luxuriously fitted up as those in his house, where he merely ate and slept. The walls were wainscoted with oak; and the partitions shutting off the bookkeepers and clerks were also of oak, with panels of plate-glass, and of oak, with cushions of Spanish leather, were the comfortable arm-chairs. The ticker between the two Broadway windows was supported by an old oaken bracket, now black with age, and probably taken from some church; and the basket into which the tape jerkily unrolled itself was of delicate Japanese bronze. There was a *cloisonné* ash-receiver on the table in front of the low leather-cushioned seats in the windows.

In the corner stood a tall clock, in a carved oaken case. When this toned forth the hour of eleven the owner of the office was standing before the cheerful soft-coal fire, which spluttered and crackled in the grate beneath the massive oak mantel-piece. Sam Sargent was smoking a cigar. His drooping blond mustache, tinged with red and touched with gray, fell over his large and humorous mouth, with its full lips. His complexion was high but clear. He looked like a man content that he had his full share of the good things of life; and it was only at a second glance that a keen observer would note the intelligence of the eye and the delicacy of the nose.

The pleasant-voiced gray-haired clerk, who had called at Ezra Pierce's office the day before, was holding in his hands half a dozen of the certificates of stock in the Barataria Consolidated Railway Company, and he was explaining to his employer the means whereby these had been made to appear more valuable than they were.

"Here's one now," he said, handing a steel-engraved sheet of stiff paper to Mr. Sargent; "look at that. If you hold it up to the light you can see that the *0* of the *80* in figures and the *y* of the written *eighty* have been added afterwards."

"I see," Sargent answered; "and it isn't very skilfully done, either. It looks like the first attempt of an amateur. But he was able to dispose of it at a good profit."

"Rather!" the clerk replied. "It ought to represent a par of eight hundred dollars, and it does now represent a par of eight thousand; so he made nearly seven thousand dollars by the trick. You know you bought this lot of stock at 94½?"

"So I stand to lose seven thousand on that one certificate alone?" Sam Sargent returned. "Perhaps I shall—but I doubt it. I've an idea that some one will want to buy this back at par. What do you say, Mr. Routh?"

"Well," the pleasant-voiced clerk answered, "I don't see how it can be the work of anybody but that young Pierce. He was hard up all summer. They say the father keeps him very short—"

"Yes," commented Sargent, "that's the trouble with Ezra Pierce—he never was a boy himself."

"Then all at once, in the middle of the summer, just at the time these certificates were transferred to Mr. Pierce, the young fellow paid his debts and had plenty of money," said Routh.

"He had plenty of money the summer before last too," Sargent declared; "and, judging from the company I saw him in, he needed it. But I suppose you are right. It is the boy who has done it. Let us hope so, certainly, because that's my best chance of getting my money back. It will be pretty hard on that old whited sepulchre, his father, but he'll pay up sooner than see his only son in the Tombs. I suppose it's lucky I haven't any son."

Then Sargent walked over to the window and looked across at Trinity church-yard, with its few bare and dripping trees, and with its disconsolate tombstones.

"It's the boy, of course," he continued, taking up his cigar again; "he's not a fine specimen of our American youth. I knew he would come to a bad end, but I never supposed he would rise to the dignity of forgery. I should have thought that petty larceny would be the height of his ambition."

"What do you wish me to do about it?" asked Routh.

"Nothing," answered Sargent. "You say that young Pierce was in the office yesterday when you went there—well, then, to-day or to-morrow we shall have a visit from the young man or from his pa. Make out a list of all the altered certificates; have them all here ready at hand, and—Routh, you might make out an account to show just how I stand now."

"All right," the gray-haired clerk responded, retiring to his desk with the certificates.

"By-the-way," said Sargent, calling him back, "you say Mr. Poole has also some of this raised stock?"

"About thirty thousand dollars' worth, I believe," answered Routh.

"Just go over to Mr. Poole's office and get an exact statement of his altered certificates too," Sargent said, "and find out when Mr. Poole will be back."

As Routh was going back to his own desk the outer door of the office opened and Ezra Pierce entered.

Sargent had turned again to the window, and was looking down on the damp crowd below in Broadway, with his hands in his pockets and his cigar in his mouth.

Routh touched him on the elbow and whispered, "Here's Mr. Pierce now!"

"Already?" said Sargent, as he turned leisurely to face his visitor. "Ah, Mr. Pierce," he cried, stepping forward, "I'm glad to see you. How are you?"

Ezra Pierce paused awkwardly in the middle of the large room.

"Mr. Sargent," he began, "I want to have a few minutes' talk with you. I—"

"Certainly," Sargent returned, promptly; "come into my office."

And he led the way into a smaller room, which had its own window on Broadway, and which was also luxuriously furnished. A portrait of a handsome woman in a ball dress hung on the wall over a large desk. A pretty red-haired girl in a simple black gown was seated before a type-writer near the window.

As Ezra Pierce followed Sam Sargent into this room the latter said to the young lady at the type-writer, "I shall not want you for half an hour or so, Miss McCabe."

"Very well, sir," Miss McCabe answered; "then I can go and order a new ribbon for this machine." And with that she left the room.

Sam Sargent closed the door after her.

"That's the most comfortable, I think," he said, pointing to an arm-chair near the window, while he dropped into the seat before the desk.

When Ezra Pierce had taken the chair Sargent had suggested, the latter picked out a fresh cigar and clipped off the end of it, and lighted it from the one that he had just finished. Then he swung around in his chair and faced his visitor.

"Well, now, Mr. Pierce, what can I do for you to-day?" he asked.

Ezra Pierce sat stiffly in the seat by the window, with the dull light outlining the strong contour of his head, with its shock of stiff gray hair, now almost white, and with the grizzled beard. Even though the face was in the shadow, Sargent could see that the clean-shaven upper lip twitched nervously before the old man began to speak. Sargent himself sat back leisurely in his easy-chair, and waited for Ezra Pierce to state his errand.

"Mr. Sargent," the visitor began, "I have just made a most painful discovery—" Then he paused and took out his handkerchief and blew his nose.

"Yes?" said Sargent, politely.

"Yes," repeated Ezra Pierce; "I have found out that certain certificates of Barataria Consolidated, which I bought during the summer, are forgeries."

"Forgeries, are they?" asked Sargent, in some surprise.

"When I say forgeries," Ezra Pierce continued, "I do not mean that the certificates ain't genuine—I mean that they are not good for their face value; that is, they are not worth what they pretend to be worth."

Sam Sargent smiled sarcastically. "Well," he said, "ever since Barataria Consolidated guaranteed the bonds of the Athens and Smithville and of the De Soto and Johnstown I have heard complaints that Barataria would never see par again."

"I don't mean that," Ezra Pierce declared, finding the explanation even more difficult than he had thought. "I

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2012.

mean that these certificates have been raised, and I suppose they can be called forgeries."

Here he stopped again and drew a long breath.

"And in what way can I help you, Mr. Pierce?" inquired Sargent, blandly. "Do you want my assistance in discovering the thief?"

"I can attend to him myself," was the stern answer.

"So you have found him out already," Sargent returned. "If he's tried before the Recorder he'll get ten years, at least."

Ezra Pierce gave Sargent a glance of contemptuous dislike, now commingled with dread.

"I didn't come to see you to talk about the—about the man who is guilty," he said. "I came to tell you that I don't want you to lose money through me in any way. I'm told that you hold a lot of shares of Barataria Consolidated which Silvige & Cusachs sold for me. Among them are some of these altered certificates; now I'm ready to take them off your hands at this morning's quotation."

"But you yourself were deceived," Sargent declared. "I don't see why I should let you make good my losses."

"You got the stock from me," Ezra Pierce persisted, "and I cannot let anybody be a dollar the worse for any dealings with me."

Sam Sargent gave him a humorous glance to see if he were absolutely sincere.

"But you paid good money for these forgeries," he returned, "so we are both in the same boat. You can count on me to help you bring the rascal who has robbed us to justice."

"That ain't what I want," broke in Ezra Pierce, harshly. "What I want is to buy those certificates back."

"And you will use them as evidence against the thief?" Sargent inquired.

"That's neither here nor there," said the father of the man who had stolen the money. "I offer to pay you for that stock—that's what I propose."

"Are you sure you are not proposing to me to compound a felony?" the other asked.

Ezra Pierce raised his voice impatiently.

"You've got a lot of stock that's no good. Now I'll take it off your hands at the market price. What more do you want?"

"There's no need to get excited about this," Sargent returned. "I have never said that I wanted anything more than your offer, although your proposition is not quite satisfactory in one respect. The Barataria Central opened this morning at 91½, and I paid 98⅝ for the forged certificates."

"Very well, then," cried Ezra Pierce; "let's have no more words about it. I'll give you 98⅝ for those certificates."

Sam Sargent looked his visitor squarely in the face. "All the Barataria certificates I bought of you are not forgeries," he said, with meaning, "and the stock has gone down 7⅛ since my purchase."

"Do you want me to buy all those back too?" Ezra Pierce asked. "Well, I'll do it. Make out your statement, and I'll give you a check. Will that satisfy you?"

"Really, Mr. Pierce," Sam Sargent responded, "your interest in this matter is very extraordinary."

"I don't see how," was the hesitating answer, as Ezra Pierce drew back in his chair.

"I'll tell you how," explained the other. "I've known you a good many years, and we have bucked against each other more than once, as you remember, I dare say, and in all that time I never heard of your making a bad bargain with your eyes open. But that's what you are doing now; that is, unless you have a very strong personal motive for wishing to shield the guilty man."

"What do you mean?" the visitor asked, with a doubtful tremor of fear in his rasping voice.

"I mean this," said Sargent, "that you couldn't be more anxious to get control of the evidence against the forger—if he was your own son!"

Ezra Pierce sat stunned by this direct blow. Then he rose slowly.

"Will you take par for all the Barataria you have?" he managed to ask at last, standing before Sargent.

"Why should I?" Sargent replied. "It isn't a great deal of money, after all, and I guess I should have more fun running down the thief."

Ezra Pierce's stooping frame shook as he answered, "You wouldn't send the boy to Sing Sing, would you?"

"No," Sargent responded, smiling; "I'm not putting people into jail this year; it's as much as I can do to keep out of State-prison myself. But I wanted to make sure who it was you were trying to save. Now I know."

Ezra Pierce bent forward over the desk before which the other man was sitting, and asked, hoarsely, "You will sell me the certificates?"

"Of course I will," was the answer. "I'm not a special detective. And I knew about this—at least I guessed—before you came."

"You knew it?" echoed the father. "How could you?"

"Oh, it was easy enough. The certificates came from your office, and your son had been very short of money all summer, and all at once he had cash again. It was putting two and two together. That's all," Sargent explained.

"But if you can do that, others may—" Ezra Pierce began.

"That's true," Sargent responded; "but perhaps you can get in all the certificates before anybody suspects. And then other people may not have been watching your son as I have."

Ezra Pierce looked up.

"Yes," continued the other, "I've kept my eye on him ever since I saw him with Daisy Fostelle summer before last at Manhattan Beach. I didn't think he'd be a big enough fool to send her on the road and to pay all the bills of a big opera company—but he was; and I suppose it cost him fifty or sixty thousand dollars, that little experience. It was expensive, no doubt, but she's an amusing girl, Daisy, and I guess your son had a good time."

"Do you mean to say that Winslow—that my son spent fifty thousand dollars on an opera-singer?" exclaimed Ezra Pierce.

"Well," said Sargent, slowly, "she's a pretty woman, but she isn't much of a singer, and it may not have been exactly fifty thousand dollars: it may have been seventy-five. But didn't he confess that too?"

"No," acknowledged the father, "he never told me that. He knew I should never forgive him—to go after another woman, and to deceive his own wife."

Sargent sat back in his chair and looked at the stricken father with pity.

"See here, Mr. Pierce," he said at last, "you are older than I am, but I don't believe you've seen half as much of the world, and, somehow, I don't believe that you have thought things out in just the way I have. Now let me tell you something. You have your kind of morality, and I have mine. Mine is very different from yours, I know, and you don't take much stock in it—but I've got it all the same. But that boy of yours, he hasn't any morality at all—not any. Probably you won't agree with me in this, but I believe it doesn't much matter what kind of morality you have, so long as you've got enough of your own kind. Almost any kind is good enough to carry a man through the world. But if you haven't any at all, why, then the devil can have you for the asking; and I don't believe your son has enough to keep overnight."

Ezra Pierce listened to this strange doctrine in silence.

Before he could answer there was a rap at the glass door leading into the outer room.

"Come in!" cried the owner of the office.

The pleasant-featured, gray-haired clerk entered.

"What is it, Routh?" asked Sargent.

"I've been to Mr. Poole's," Routh answered, "and he wants to know if you can see him this morning."

"Is it about—" and Sargent's glance indicated Ezra Pierce.

"Yes," was Routh's reply, as he lowered his voice. "He has nearly twenty thousand dollars of the altered certificates. That's why he wants to see you. He says he won't compromise."

"Does he suspect any one?" Sam Sargent inquired, almost in a whisper, although he knew that Ezra Pierce must hear every word that was said in a room so small.

"He suspects the same young man you did," Routh returned; "and he said he meant to see him in Sing Sing before Christmas."

"Thank you," said Sargent; "that will do."

When Routh had gone, closing the door behind him, Sargent turned to Ezra Pierce.

"I suppose you heard what he said?" he inquired.

"What does it mean?" asked Ezra Pierce.

"It means that Cyrus J. Poole isn't as easy-going as I am," Sargent replied. "You see, you and I have had our fights, and the last time I got the best of it; so I can afford to let you off easy. But Poole is different, and I guess he can't forgive your raid on Niobrara Central."

Ezra Pierce slowly rose and straightened his bent figure. "I suppose I must go and see him too," he said, without a quaver in his voice.

"You can go, of course," Sargent suggested, "but it won't do any good. Poole is as hard as steel. Don't go till to-morrow, anyway."

"Why not?" asked the father, with his hand on the knob of the door to go forth.

"Well, because I'll help you out if you will take my advice," Sargent responded. "I'll send round word to Poole that I can't see him till to-morrow at lunch-time. And you ship that bad boy of yours to Europe early to-morrow morning."

He took up a newspaper and looked at an advertisement.

"Yes, that's it," he continued. "The *Chicago* sails at eleven to-morrow morning. Get the boy out of the way at once. Ship him to Paris—that's the place for him. Give him five or ten thousand a year, and then he won't get into mischief again; at least, not into mischief of this kind. Let him have the kind of fun over there that he likes—it will keep him quiet and amuse him. And if you pay up as you propose, I don't believe anybody will molest him over there. It's forgery, of course, and he could be extradited, I suppose, but I guess you can hush the matter up after the boy is gone. That's my advice; you can take it or leave it, just as you please."

And Sam Sargent struck a match to relight his cigar, which he had allowed to go out.

"That's not the way I do my duty by my child," said Ezra Pierce, rising. "As you say, my ideas about morals are different from yours, and what you propose may suit your morals—I don't know—but it doesn't suit mine."

"Don't be brash!" Sargent returned, with easy good nature. "Don't go near Poole to-day. Take the night to think it over, and I rather guess you will change your mind before morning, and get the boy out of the country before Poole shows those altered certificates to the District Attorney and the Grand Jury."

"Do you think he will go as far as that?" cried the father of the guilty man, with a sudden vision of the court-room and the judge passing sentence.

"Cyrus Poole isn't an easy man to deal with," Sargent responded. "You know that. And if he is really set on this thing, he's likely to make it very disagreeable for the boy. That's why I advise you to send the youngster where a Central Office detective can't pay him an unexpected visit."

Then he opened the door to let Ezra Pierce pass out.

When they had both entered the main office, Sargent lowered his voice, and said to Pierce, "My clerk knows about this—but you can trust him." Then he called the clerk.

"Mr. Routh," he said, "I have made an arrangement with Mr. Pierce, who will take all my Barataria Consoli dated off my hands at par. Make out a statement at once, and send it to Mr. Pierce's office."

"All right," Routh answered; "I can have it ready in ten minutes."

"You send me a check any time to-day, Mr. Pierce," said Sargent, "and I will send over the certificates."

"You shall have the money at once," Ezra Pierce responded; "but I will come for those certificates myself."

"Well," Sargent returned, "I don't know but what it would be as well."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SQUADRON EVOLUTIONS.

As compared with the great naval powers of Europe our fleet of war-vessels is inferior numerically, while the enlisted force of the navy is hardly large enough to man the ships already in commission, or soon to be placed in active service; but the ships are unquestionably equal, and in some cases superior, to any of their kind afloat, while officers and men are second to none in the world in intelligence, courage, and unselfish and patriotic devotion to duty. With such good material, particularly as there is every indication of a sincere desire on the part of Congress to augment our naval force until it shall have reached a strength commensurate with the needs and dignity of a great and powerful people, the navy can be made most efficient, and in no way can this be better accomplished than by frequent and protracted periods of drill in fleet evolutions and naval tactics.

The small fleet of four vessels which has been cruising on the coast for some weeks past has been doing excellent work in this respect, notwithstanding the publication of some unjustly severe criticisms. At sea, squadron evolutions were constant, and the improvement conspicuously evident from day to day, while in port, landing, boat, torpedo, and great-gun exercises and other drills were incessant, with the sole exception of three or four days in Boston Harbor, where the popular interest in the ships was so great that the enormous crowds of visitors caused a temporary cessation. It is to be hoped that Admiral Bunce's squadron will be re-enforced by every available ship, and that the work so well begun may be continued.

LIFE AND LETTERS

FEW things have seemed to me more dramatic, in a subjective sort, than the closing of a great summer hotel,

"All which I saw, and part of which I was,"

within the first fortnight of September, and still am, for the matter of that.

I.

It scarcely began before the last of August, when the guests ebbed away by floods, in every train. The end of the season was purely conventional. One day the almanac said it was August, and the hotel was full; another day the almanac said it was September, and the vast caravansary was instantly touched with depletion, and within a week it hung loose upon its inmates like the raiment upon the frame of a man who has been Banting. There was no change in the weather; that remained as summerlike as ever, and has since grown more and more divinely beautiful. The conditions continued the same, only more agreeable; the service was still abundant and perfect; the table was of an unimpaired variety; there was no such sudden revival of business or pleasure in the city that people should abandon the leisure of the sea-shore; the ocean smiled as serenely, the breakers crashed as lyrically along the beach; the country, for those who were to prolong their outing, would be dry and dusty. But a certain fiction of the calendar had reported itself in the human consciousness; and as men are the prey of superstition and emotion, the population of the huge hostelry yielded by a single impulse to the pressure of the pretence that it was September.

Huge, I have called the hostelry, and I do not know that I can add to the effect of size which I wish to impart by saying that it is of a veritably American immensity. It stretches along the sea like the shore of a continent; and when I walk from one end of its seaward veranda to the other, I feel as if I were going from Castine in Maine to St. Augustine in Florida. Really, it is only the fifth of a mile in length, but I have ordinarily lived in houses so much shorter that my fancy takes wing when I think of it, and will not brook a briefer flight. In like manner, when I speak of its thousand dwellers as a population, I am perhaps giving way to an effect of habitually sharing my roof with but four or five persons.

They were nearly a thousand when I came, but the place was so spacious that I had large areas of the piazza to myself whenever I liked, and I was often a solitary wayfarer up and down the halls that projected themselves in dimmer and dimmer perspective between the suites of rooms on the right hand and on the left. It was the dining-room, with its forest of pine posts, its labyrinths of tables, its army of black waiters, and its only a little larger army of guests, which gave that impression of a dense overpeopling, such as one could not feel in greater degree even in the tenement quarters of the East Side. This was peculiarly the case on a Sunday, when the guests had guests; and in the tramp of the black forces, the clash of crockery, and the harsh jangle of the cutlery, mingled with the dull, subdued sound of the gutling and guzzling, there was something like the noise of a legion stirring in its harness, and hailing Cæsar with the warlike devotion inspired by a munificent donative.

In the early morning there was a hardly less powerful impression of numbers, when the crying children, the half-hushed quarrelling of some husbands and wives, and the loud and loving adieux of others parting for the day, burst the frail partitions of their rooms, and mixed in the corridors with the rush of the porters' trunk bearing trucks, pushed over the long carpeted stretches with the voluble clatter of so many lawn-mowers, the flight of the call-boys' feet, the fierce clangor of the chambermaids' bells, and the strongly accented controversies and gossip of the chambermaids themselves. No doubt all these effects were exaggerated by the senses just unfolding themselves in waking consciousness, and taking angry note of the disturbing influences without. But the multitude sheltered by a single roof was nevertheless very great: at the height of the season, the guests and the servants, the drones and the workers, were some fifteen hundred together.

II.

All at once, as I say, a great part of the multitude vanished. All at once, on the verandas, and in the wide office swept with yet cooler currents from the sweet-breathed sea, I was sensible of a sudden decimation. I cannot fix the date with precision, but one night at about half past eight the great moony electrics which swung in space high over the floors of the office, the ballroom, and the dining-room, paled their effectual fires, which they never afterwards relumed, and left us to the batlike waverings of the

naphtha gas. I remember the sinking of the heart with which my senses took cognizance of the fact. No one spoke, or audibly noted it; the talking groups talked on in fallen tones; the people who were reading books or papers drew them a little nearer, or put them a little farther; those who were writing letters at the long tables in the reading-room silently adjusted their vision to the obscurity. It was like the effect of some august natural catastrophe; the general disposition was to ignore the fact, as we shall perhaps try to ignore the fact that the world has begun to burn up, when it begins to burn, and pretend that it is merely a fire over in Hoboken or Long Island City that the department will soon have under control.

It may have been the morning of that day, or the morning of the next, but it was at least some neighboring morning, that I sauntered down to one of the forenoon trains and saw a large detachment of our colored troops departing. They were very gay, as they nearly always are, poor fellows; and they were exchanging humorous and derisive adieux with a detachment of those who were to remain, and who pretended on their part to mock their departing comrades. These helped them off with their baggage, wheeling the heavy truck-loads of the trunks which the porters lifted to them; and when all was ready, shaking hands again and again, and telling them to be good to themselves. At the last moment a very short, stout little black man appeared with a truck heaped high with baggage, and rushed it down the long esplanade to the platform beside the train, amid the wild cheers and wagers of the going and staying spectators. He had all the cry till the train actually started, when a young colored brother burst out of the front door of a car from which it had detached itself, and began to run it down with a heavy grip-sack wildly flying about and beating his legs and flanks. He had taken his place in this car unaware of its fate, and had remained in it, exulting from the open window in his sole possession; and now the secret of his proprietorship had been revealed to his dismay. But it was a very kindly train; when his pursuit became known, the locomotive obligingly slowed to a stand, and he was pulled aboard the rear platform amidst a jubilation which few real advantages inspire in this world.

III.

An indefinable gloom settled upon me as the train curved out into the marsh, and the laughing, chattering, cheering, hat-waving remnant came back to the hotel and dispersed about their work. There were still a great many of them, and there were still a great many of us, but I felt that the end had begun. I do not know whether I felt this fact more keenly or not when the dentist, whose presence I had been tacitly proud of all through August, abandoned the house which he had helped to render metropolitan. But I am sure that it was a definite shock to lose him; and that the tooth which his presence had held in abeyance asserted itself in a wild throe at his going. Once as I passed the door of his office his name was on it and his hours; when I returned fifteen minutes later to ask an appointment with him his name was gone, and the useless hours alone remained. On his way to take passage in his cat-boat for the farthermost parts of the Great South Bay, he kindly stopped and advised about the grumbling tooth. Then he passed out of the hotel, and left it to ache if it must, with an unrequited longing for the filling fatally delayed.

IV.

The doctor went a week later, but before this other changes had taken place, among which the most cataclysmal was the passing of the band, which vanished as it were in a sudden crash of silence. The whole month long I had heard it playing in the afternoon midway of the long veranda, and in the evening on its platform in the ballroom, and with my imperfect knowledge of music, had waited each day and night till it came to that dissolute, melancholy melody to which the Eastern girls danced their wicked dance at the World's Fair; not because I like dissolute and melancholy things, but because I was then able to make sure what tune the band was playing. I had in this way become used to the band, and I missed it poignantly, if one can miss a thing poignantly; which I doubt. Other people seemed to enjoy it, and I like to see people enjoying themselves. Besides, its going brought the dancing to a close, which I enjoyed myself.

I mean that I enjoyed looking at the dancing. This was for the most part, even at the height of our gayety, performed by boys and girls, and very young children, whom I saw led away to bed heart-broken at nine o'clock. One small couple of these I loved very much. I fancied them a little brother and sister, and I delighted in their courage and perseverance in taking the floor in every dance, and through all changes of tune and figure turning solemnly round and round with their arms about each other's waists. One night there came a bad, bad boy, who posted himself in front of them, and plagued them, jumping up and down before them and hindering their serious gyration. Another evening the little brother was cross and would not dance, and the little sister had to pull him out on the floor and make him.

Sometimes, however, there were even grown people on the floor. Then I chose a very pretty young couple, whom I called my couple, and shared their joy in the waltz without their knowing it. We were by all odds the best dancers and the best looking. We staid long enough to poison the others with jealousy, but we always went away rather early. But when the band left, all this innocent pleasure ended. There was one delirious evening, indeed, when the floor-manager, in default of other music, whistled a waltz, and the young ladies, in default of young men, trod a mad measure with each other to his sibilation. But this was a dying burst of gayety; it did not and could not happen again.

V.

I have to accuse myself of giving no just idea of the constant flowing and dribbling away of the guests, who never ceased departing. The trains that bore them and their baggage brought no other guests' baggage to replace them, and the house gradually emptied itself until not more than a poor three hundred remained. With each defection of a considerable number of guests there followed a reduction of the helping force, who now no longer departed laughing, but with a touch of that loneliness falling upon us all, whose shadow I shall project into another paper, and try to deepen upon the reader, as it has deepened itself upon me.

W. D. Howells.

FRANCIS WILSON AND "THE CHIEFTAIN."

The fall season of entertainment at Abbey's Theatre was successfully opened on September 9th with an operetta called *The Chieftain*. When I say successfully I mean in a manner that will not only attract to the box office those necessary dollars without which all amusements are literally empty shows, but which will also commend itself to persons of enlightened intelligence and sensitive taste. This is saying something of importance, for most of the operettas brought to the attention of the local public recently have been either utterly foolish and beneath consideration, or else amusing in a manner not to be tolerated by polite society. Mr. Francis Wilson, who is the chief player engaged in *The Chieftain*, and who is responsible for its production in New York, is therefore to be thanked for giving us a genuine operetta, whose humor we may enjoy without fear of remorse, and whose music we may applaud with credit to our discernment. It is unquestionably true that most men are willing to laugh in a theatre at anything from the bursting of a bladder to the utterance of a baldly familiar remark about baseball or politics; but it is none the less a fact that we are all fond of patting ourselves on the back for being sufficiently knowing to find merit where it really exists.

The Chieftain is by no means a great work, but it has both literary and musical merit, and therefore theatre-goers will enjoy it, and have a better opinion of themselves for doing so. There need be no hesitation in pronouncing it far and away superior to the mass of rubbish which is annually hurled upon the stage by gentlemen who seem to have no notion that some of us have a fancy for pearls. *The Chieftain* is not altogether new. In 1867 *The Contrabandista*, a short musical comedy, whose book was by F. C. Burnand, and music by Arthur Sullivan, was produced in England. That was before the conjunction of Gilbert and Sullivan, and consequently previous to the birth of that delectable school of operetta which has made the fame of the Savoy Theatre. Several years ago it occurred to Mr. Burnand that the little sketch of 1867 would bear expansion, and about two years ago, when relations were strained between Sir Arthur and his familiar librettist, the original work was remodelled. It is the current success of the Savoy Theatre in London, and has proved itself worthy of a place there.

Mr. Burnand is certainly no Gilbert, but he is a clever maker of operetta-books for all that. Old theatre-goers will remember with pleasure his *Box and Cox*, which was so exquisitely set to music by Sullivan. Mr. Wilson, in some published interviews, has shown undue anxiety to prove that very little of the original work is to be found in *The Chieftain;* but that seems to be a matter of little import. Some of the old work is still there, but it is to be detected rather in the music of Sir Arthur Sullivan than in the libretto, though the lyrics of the second act do indeed show the influence of the Gilbertian poesy, which came to the surface after *The Contrabandista*, and thereby mark a contrast with those of the first act.

But Mr. Burnand's book is pretty nearly all on a level. Its story is tenuous, but sufficient for the purposes of operetta, which is confessedly travesty. The operetta brigand is now a well-established character, and it could hardly be expected that Mr. Burnand would recreate him; but he is an amusing fellow at all times. The dialogue is by no means striking in its wit, and there are some puns which are essentially English. But as a whole the book is entertaining, and it is clear, delicate, and of fair literary quality. The lyrics of the second act, to which reference has already been made, show a facility in rhythm and a felicity in comic rhyme which are wholly admirable.

Sir Arthur Sullivan's music is altogether delightful. In the first act we find some numbers which bear the marks of immaturity. They are written in the style which belonged to the composer when he was seeking his models among the lighter works of the Italian stage, and before he had fashioned the manner which made *H. M. S. Pinafore* the parent of a new school. The new numbers, however, are all in Sullivan's best manner. They display a greater amount of buoyancy and freedom than the music of some of his late works in conjunction with Mr. Gilbert. They are less ambitious than the numbers of *Ruddigore* and *The Yeomen of the Guard*, and far less labored. They flow with delicious spontaneity, and they are instinct with refined taste and polished musical humor.

The auditor at Abbey's Theatre will find mental refreshment in this music. Its melodies are simple without being commonplace, and its rhythms trip along with the grace and merriment of dancing girls. The opening numbers of the first act are disappointing, but Rita's first ballad, "The tinkling sheepbell knells the parting day," is as pretty a bit of operetta sentiment as one could wish to hear, and it is charmingly sung by Miss Glaser. Grigg's first song begins thus:

"From rock to rock
With many a shock
And bump
And thump
I fall."

Sir Arthur has treated this with a little of his old-fashioned patter, which is heard to advantage in other parts of the work also. In the second act Rita has another charming song, "Two happy gods, gay Mars and Jove," and her duet with Vasquez, "Ah oui, j'étais," is one of the best numbers Sullivan has ever written. Dolly, the knowing bride of Peter Grigg, has an excellent number:

"'To Spain,' said my husband, 'I'm forced, dear, to go;'
Said I, 'I go with you, that's flat.'
'Which doubles expenses,' says he, 'as you know.'
I owned, 'There is something in that.'
Tra-la-la.
Financially something in that."

The melody of this number is bright and rippling, but the "tra-la-la," sung to a minor chord by Rita, Vasquez, and Grigg, has an irresistibly comic effect, none of which is lost by Mr. Wilson. The trio, "There are cases when the simple truth is difficult to tell," is one of the most successful numbers, but perhaps the brightest thing in the operetta is the sparkling sextet, "Be mum," which is better than anything in this line that Sullivan has given us since the famous quintet in *Patience*.

The Chieftain is well performed at Abbey's Theatre. Mr. Wilson himself has less of the burden of the entertainment on his shoulders than he has had in those operettas written especially for him, and his admirers may find this a source of disappointment. Yet it is unquestionably to Mr. Wilson's credit as an artist that he is willing to sink his own importance for the sake of general merit. The rôle of Peter Grigg is altogether different from those with which the actor's name is associated, and it is probable that he himself is affected by the unfamiliarity of his environment. It is perhaps a lack of faith in the readiness of the public to accept him from a novel point of view that makes Mr. Wilson unwilling to throw overboard all the traditional methods of his own peculiar art; but it is probable that his artistic success in the present rôle would be greater were he wholly to sink his familiar personality and endeavor to give us an impersonation which might indeed be a disguise, but would certainly come nearer to being a creation.

The other members of the company, without reaching brilliancy of achievement, are generally acceptable. Miss Glaser deserves particular commendation for her easy transition from the level of the soubrette to that of the soprano. She has learned to sing with taste and with discretion in the use of a voice of limited power. *The Chieftain* gives excellent opportunities for the display of the arts of the scene-painter, the costumer, and the stage-manager. The first of these has produced two scenes which are theatrically effective, albeit somewhat too primitive in coloring. The costumes are uncommonly handsome and are tasteful in cut and tint. Mr. Richard Barker has arranged the stage groupings in a manner to please the eye, and the music is well delivered under the skilful direction of Signor de Novellis.

W. J. Henderson.

THE G. A. R.'S NEW COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

General Ivan Noble Walker, who was elected Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic at the National Encampment just closed in Louisville, is a native of Indiana, having been born in Rush County, February 3, 1839, and he has been a member of the G. A. R. since 1867. At the breaking out of the war General Walker held an important civil office, although only twenty-one years of age, but he resigned this to devote his services to the cause of the Union. He raised a company of volunteers, which was incorporated into the Seventy-third Indiana regiment, under his command. This body was sent to the front at once, and was engaged at Richmond, Perryville, and Stone River, where for gallant conduct Captain Walker won the rank of Major. Soon afterwards, in March, 1863, he was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel, and at the death of the Colonel in May following he was placed in command of the regiment. In a daring raid which he led into the enemy's country Colonel Walker was captured and shut up in Libby Prison, from which he escaped, however, through the tunnel made in February, 1864. Returning to his regiment, he rendered important service in the Army of the Cumberland by protecting the line of supplies between Stevenson and Decatur during the advance on Atlanta. For his services at the battle of Nashville he received the personal thanks of General Thomas.

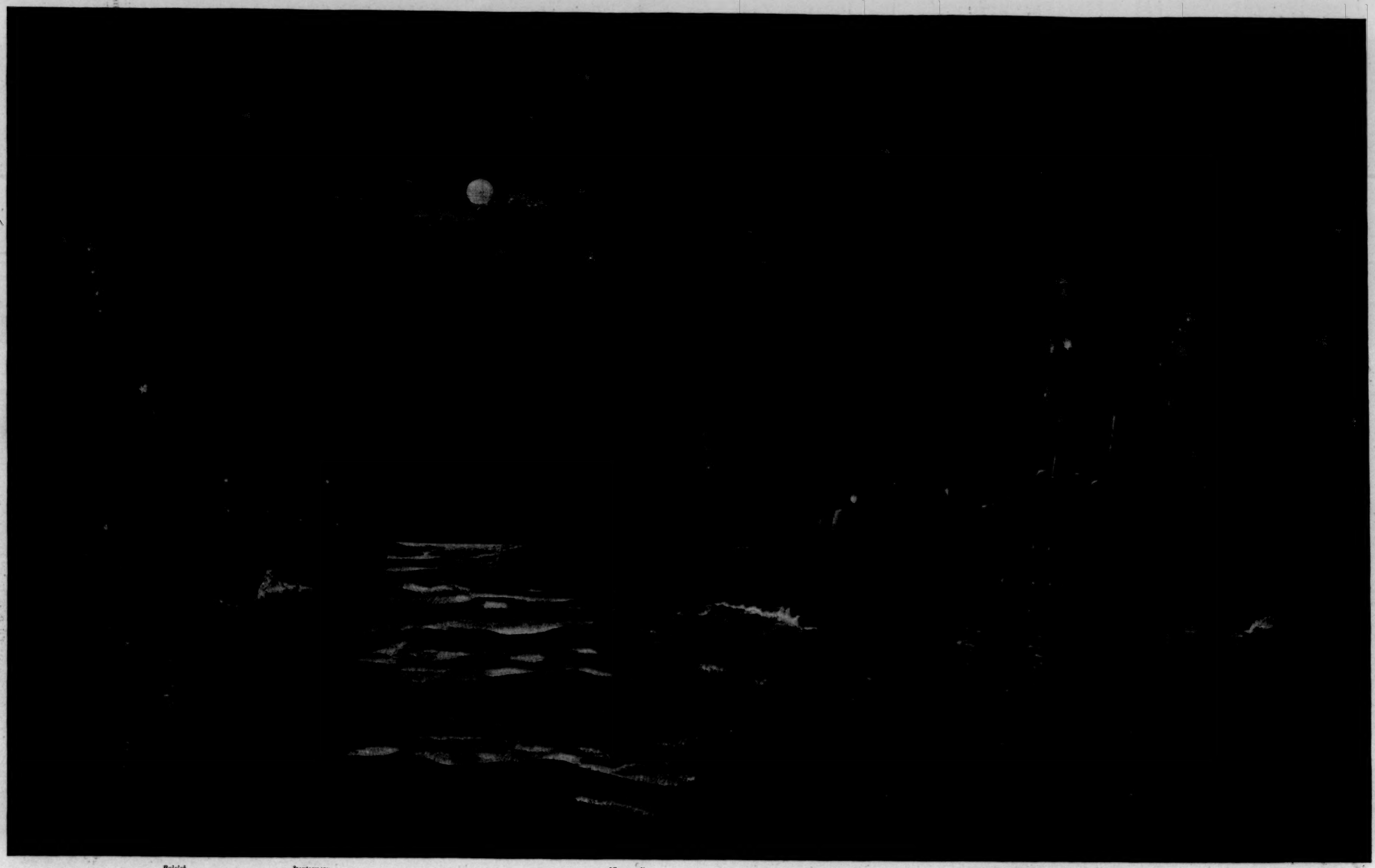
After the close of the war, owing to ill health resulting from his sufferings while confined in Libby Prison, General Walker took up his residence in Nashville, but he returned to Indianapolis in 1871, and has dwelt there ever since. He served as Commander of the George H. Thomas Post, G. A. R., on the reorganization of the Department of Indiana, and was appointed Assistant Adjutant-General in 1887. In 1891 he was chosen Department Commander, and during his four years of service as executive officer the department membership has increased more than six thousand.

One of his most notable acts as a member of the veteran organization was his report as chairman of the Pension Committee to the National Encampment at Indianapolis, which was unanimously endorsed by the Encampment.

THE POSTULANT.

In ashes from the wasted fires of noon,
Aweary of the light,
Comes evening, a tearful novice, soon
To take the veil of night.

John B. Tabb.



Raleigh. *Montgomery.* *Minneapolis.* *New York* (Flag-ship).

EVOLUTIONS OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC SQUADRON AT NIGHT—"HEAD OF COLUMN, LEFT TURN!"—Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum.—[See Page 916.]

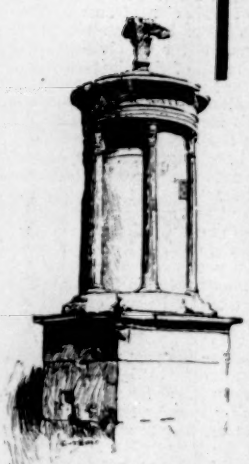
THE NEW OLYMPIC GAMES.

ATHENS.

BY DEMETRIUS KALOPOTHAKES, PH.D.

'Αλλ', ὦ Πίσας εὐδένδρου ἐπ' 'Αλφεῷ ἄλσος,
Τόνδε κῶμον καὶ στεφαναφορίαν

Δέξαι μέγα τοι κλέος αἰεί,
Ὥτινες σὺν γέρας ἔσπητ' ἀγλαΐαν.—PINDAR.



CHORAGIC MONUMENT OF LYSIKRATES.

THE proposal, adopted by the Athletic Congress at Paris last summer, to hold international contests once in every four years, needs of course no recommendation to Anglo-Saxons, who are to-day the athletic race *par excellence*, as the ancient Hellenes were in their age—the only two races, one may say, that have cultivated athletics in the fullest and noblest sense. These international meetings will doubtless be welcomed by Englishmen and Americans, not merely as affording them opportunities of proving their own superiority, but as promising to be a powerful agent in promoting the cause universal of athletics, so dear to the Anglo-Saxon heart. For these quadrennial contests will be open to those only who cultivate manly sport out of love of the thing itself, and not for sordid gain, and the meetings conducted in this spirit can evoke only noble emulation, which, added to the closer intimacy to be established between the athletes of all nations, cannot fail to be of much benefit to the world at large.

And it was surely a happy thought that suggested the inauguration of these new Olympic games in the home of the famous festivals of yore in honor of the "Father of gods and men." Methinks even those classical dreamers who will consider it a rude sacrilege to apply the hallowed appellation to meetings of modern sportsmen in jerseys and knickerbockers, to bicycle-races and cricket matches, will be somewhat appeased at the thought that the first of these proposed gatherings is to be held, if not in the Elean Altis (for very practical considerations), yet on the plain of violet-crowned Athens, in the Panathenaic Stadion at the foot of "flowery hill Hymettus," and by the blue waters of Salamis and Phaleron.

In Greece the proposal has been taken up with an enthusiasm worthy of those who cheered the victors at the great Panhellenic gatherings of old. The pessimistic arguments of wiseacres (of whom there is as great an abundance in Greece as in other countries) as to the difficulties in the way have not succeeded in combating this decision. The appeal to the glorious traditions of the past, coupled with so much promise of good for the Greek youth of to-day and of the future, had been made to the nation, as it were, by the civilized world; and to this appeal, as the Crown-Prince said in his speech to the committees, "there could be but one answer!" From all classes of society, from all parts of the country, the answer was unanimous. The love for athletic contests has never died out in the Greek soul, although long centuries of painful political vicissitudes have afforded the Greeks but little opportunity to display it; and it is hardly more than a decade or two since athletic organizations were founded in Greece. These are confined to the larger towns, like Athens, Piræus, Patras, and Syria, where bicycling, rowing, and long-distance walking have received a wonderful impetus of late. But many of the smaller provincial towns have their gymnastic yards (the mildness of the climate making unnecessary the covered gymnastic halls required in colder countries), and throughout the land the love for contests of physical strength among the rural and maritime populations is constantly displayed in *impromptu* races, trials, or combats, such as one sees perhaps only in England or America, and in which even the old men, excited by watching the youngsters, often join. The Greek mind, as of old, takes keen delight in contests of all sorts—mental or physical—and a village wrestling-match or a fisherman's boat-race is as great a treat to the modern Hellene as a sharp bargain, a hot Parliamentary debate, or a "close run" at the polls.

This trait is not confined to the inhabitants of "free" Greece, but shows itself among the much larger Greek populations in Turkey. An interesting custom, plainly the relic of an ancient institution, is reported from Ortakeui, a small town in Bithynia, Asia Minor, inhabited by some ten thousand Greeks, in a district largely Armenian. It is a sort of local Olympic festival, whose opening is announced by vigorous bell-ringing from all the church belfries. After mass the entire population form a procession, headed by the church banners, and the priests in full altar vestments, and march out to an open race-course. There horse-races are followed by pugilistic combats, the throwing of the disk and the javelin, and other sports; last of all come the foot-races. The victors are cheered by the spectators, but receive no prize, beyond the honor of walking back into the town at the head of the procession, and enjoying for a time a certain prestige among their fellow-citizens. The striking resemblance of this local institution to the ancient *agons* is all the more marvellous for the fact that it is a time-honored custom in this distant Greek village, and not a revival due to classical book-learning. The affinity of ancient and modern Greek sports is shown further in the game of the diskos; the pastime of throwing a round flat stone, of the size of a small plate, from a given heel-mark along a given line, is a favorite game of the Greek youth in every Greek town and village. What is chiefly lacking amongst the Greeks is a set of organized field sports. Lawn-tennis is thus far played only by a few fashionable idlers about Athens. Football, baseball, cricket, and polo are unknown, and nothing else of a similar nature is in vogue; and yet I doubt if any one would enjoy these noble games more keenly than a Greek, if once initiated into the mysteries thereof. Next year's meeting will doubtless offer a valuable opportunity for the introduction of these sports into Greece. Cricket and lawn-tennis are already on the programme. There is some hope yet that football will also be represented, and no doubt America will esteem it a matter of national pride to send over a couple of her best amateur "nines" to astonish the natives of the "effete Old World" by their hits and catches.

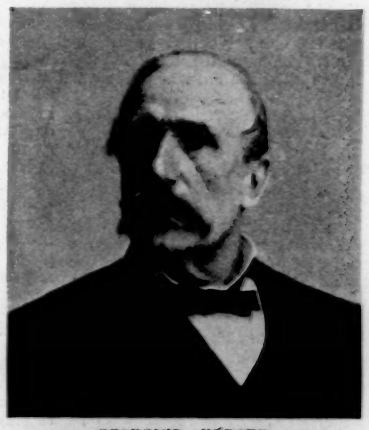
The preparations in Athens are in full blast. The General Managing Committee of twelve, presided over by the Crown-Prince Konstantine, has divided up the work among nine sub-committees, which are all busily at work. The Crown-Prince's participation is no mere nominal one; he is giving the project all the time he can spare from his army duties, and is indefatigable in securing the interest of his numerous crowned relatives throughout Europe for the event. A suite of rooms in his palace has been turned into committee-rooms, where the chief secretary, Mr. Timoleon Philemon, ex-Mayor of Athens, with his assistants, is busy daily receiving all sorts and conditions of men interested in the affair. Prince George, the giant lieutenant of the Greek navy, and Prince Nicholas, are as enthusiastic in the cause as their royal brother; while the King himself is to crown the victors with the olive wreaths, done in wrought silver, which are to be the prizes. The home committee have, according to the rules adopted by the congress, the entire management and responsibility; but the International Committee at Paris, presided over at present by Mr. Demetrius Bikélas, the well-known Greek *littérateur*, to whose initiative the entire project is due, renders valuable assistance in securing the participation of as great a circle as possible of foreign athletes.

But mere enthusiasm cannot carry out such a project without the "sinews of war," and from the very start this was the *pièce de résistance*. It was urged by those same wiseacres—some of them, too, well able to subscribe the entire requisite sum without wincing—that the necessary funds, estimated originally at 300,000 francs, could not possibly be raised, in the financial distress prevalent in Greece. But here the poor put the rich to shame. The tradesmen of Athens were the first to vote contributions and to open public subscription lists. The ice once broken, both rich and poor, Greeks at home and abroad, came forward eagerly with their contributions, so that the sum called for was soon covered. The first subscription that reached the committee's hands was not from a born Greek, but from Mr. E. Alexander, United States Minister to Greece, who nevertheless is looked upon and claimed in Athens as a true Hellene, both by his wide acquaintance with the Greek language and literature and his whole-hearted sympathy with the country and its people.

But it soon became evident that the original estimates were far too meagre, and that if the meeting were to be a success, the ancient Panathenaic Stadion must be put into condition to hold the athletic contests, even at the heavy expense which this would entail. It was then that another of those princely patriotic donations, upon which the modern Greeks may pride themselves, was sent to the committee, in the shape of 600,000 francs, for the sole object of restoring the Stadion to its ancient splendor, and thereby not merely accommodating the 1896 *agons*, but also creating a permanent arena for regular national contests of a similar nature. The donor, Mr. Georgius Avéroff, a wealthy merchant of Alexandria, and a true Greek, in spite of his foreign name, has repeatedly given substantial proof of his patriotism. The new Youth's Penitentiary here is his gift to the state, and it is barely six months since the handsome building of the Military School of the Euelpides was completed on the Field of Arês at his expense. Indeed, Athens can boast of many public institutions and buildings, representing an outlay of many millions, entirely the gifts of wealthy Greeks who have made their fortunes abroad. Thus the beautiful Academy of Arts, the National Library, the Polytechnic Institute, the National Museum, the Zappeion National Exhibition Building, the Evangelismos Hospital, the City Theatre, the Arsakeion (Girls' Normal School), the Varvakeion College, the Rizareion Theological School, the Orphan Asylum, the Foundlings' Asylum, the Industrial Workshop for Poor Women, the Reformatory State-Prisons in the Olive Grove, the Astronomical Observatory, the new Central Market, the Bouleuterion or National Parliament House—all are the offerings of public-spirited Greeks upon their country's altar; and surely no other race of equal numerical strength can show more tangible proofs of patriotism than these. If Athens is to-day the best-kept and most attractive city in the eastern Mediterranean (entirely apart from its historical interest), it owes this no doubt in the first place to its wonderful climate, but hardly less so to the imposing public edifices with which individual patriotism has endowed it. And in the long list of these gifts of filial devotion to the mother-country, the new Panathenaic Stadion will by no means rank last as to magnificence and utility combined. The scene of the ancient Panathenæan games has for centuries lain bare and desolate. The general form of this artificial adaptation of a natural hollow has not been effaced by time, but the seats of white marble with which that public-spirited Athenian of the age of the Antonines—Herodes Atticus—covered its immense embanked slopes, thereby nearly exhausting the quarries on Pentelikon, have all disappeared into the lime-kilns of the Middle Ages. When King George had the place carefully excavated, at his own expense, twenty-five years ago, all that remained of that vast mass of marble was the upper goal and the curb of the *sphendoné*, or circular end. To-day another Herodes Atticus has come forward, in the person of the leader of the 30,000 Greek residents of Lower Egypt, to restore this monument of Athenian splendor, and Athens will again have its Stadion, perhaps more purely classic in its architectural details than it was under the artistic decadence of the Roman Empire. For the present only the first three rows of seats around the whole course and the entire height of the circular end will be done in marble, the remaining rows of seats being executed in common stone or wood, and gradually replaced by marble. But even next year it will present to the eye a most magnificent amphitheatre, capable of seating 30,000 spectators, if not 50,000, as of yore. The entire length of the Stadion course is 670 feet, by 109 feet breadth, thus giving a level area of 8100 square yards for the gymnastic contests and field sports, with a broad track for the foot-races. The statue of Mr. Avéroff, executed by the well-known Athenian sculptor Brutos, is to be erected at the entrance.*

* The work of levelling and grading the embankments, which have been somewhat altered by the ruins of centuries, has recently brought to light some curious facts. Thus it appears that the long sides of the Greek Stadion were not straight, as hitherto believed, but curved, evidently for the purpose of affording all the spectators as good a view as possible of the entire race-course. Thus a Greek Stadion resembled a horseshoe, and not a magnet, in its configuration.

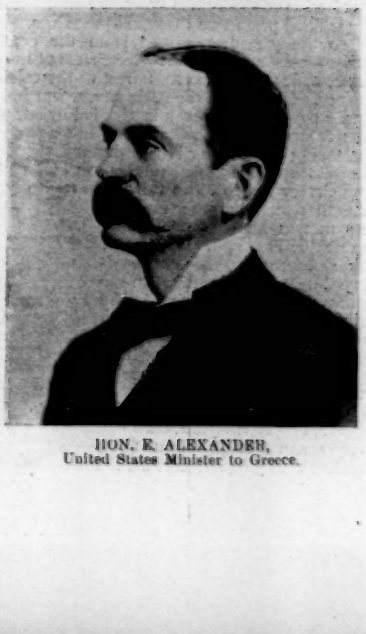
CROWN-PRINCE KONSTANTINE.



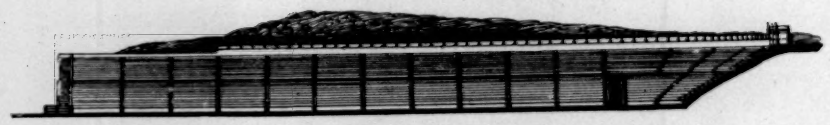
GEORGIUS AVÉROFF.

TIMOLEON PHILEMON.

DEMETRIUS BIKÉLAS.



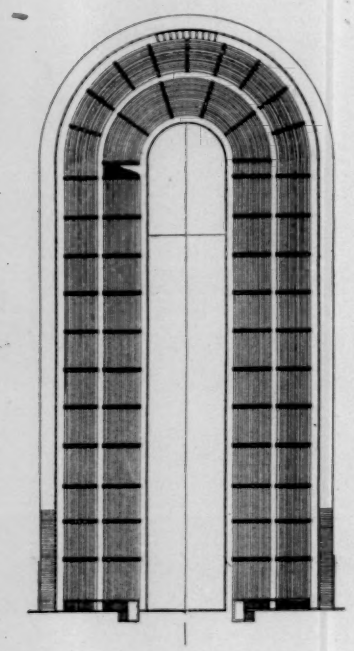
HON. E. ALEXANDER,
United States Minister to Greece.



THE NEW PANATHENAIC STADION.
(Section in Length.)

The proposal to institute modern Olympic games has been met with sneers from two classes of people—those who see in it a pedantic attempt to revive ancient sports, long since forgotten and out of harmony with modern ideas, and those who deem it an impudent sacrilege to apply the classic name to anything but classic sports. Both views are doubtless owing to misconception. There can be no question of giving ancient sports the precedence over the modern. A glance at the programme for next year will suffice to convince one of this. The new Olympic games must be essentially and thoroughly modern, both to attract and to benefit the world. And the application of the time-honored name to the united activity of the entire modern world of athletics seems to be an eminently fitting tribute to the genius and glory of antiquity.

The successive Olympic meetings are not to be of a uniform and stereotype character. Within certain limits fixed by international agreement, full liberty is to be allowed to the national committee of each country where a celebration will be held to give the occasion a stamp peculiar to the country and its people, and harmonizing with their traditions and peculiarities. The Olympic games will be quite different when celebrated at Stockholm from what they will be in Rome, London, or New York. And it is but natural that this principle should be applied, if anything, in a still broader sense to next year's inaugural meeting at Athens. The very name of these gatherings acquires a special significance when pronounced on the sacred soil of Greece. If in 1900 and thereafter France, England, and the other nations of the world are each to have the liberty of organizing the Olympic games according to their own ideas and traditions, how much more fitting that the first Olympic festival held on classic ground should be given as genuine a Hellenic stamp as the modern Hellene can impart to it! And so it is to be. Athens will be crowded with modern sportsmen and enlivened with modern sports, but there will be enough of the Hellenic to give the meeting its stamp. What more Hellenic than the foot-race in the Panathenaic Stadion? What matters it if we call it the 100 yards and 220-yards dash or the single and double Attic stadium, with its 582 feet? What matters it if the spectators have discarded the *chiton* and the *peplos* for more *fin de siècle* attire—if Parisian bonnets and New York toilets brighten up the vast concourse gathered on the embanked seats? The victors dashing up to the marble goal, where many a splendid youth of classic Athens was crowned, will see only serried ranks of ancient Greeks cheering them, and the silver wreaths of olive which they will receive as prizes will seem as if plucked fresh from Athena's sacred tree. The Marathon long-distance race of thirty miles, from Marathon to Athens, for which M. Michel Bréal, of the French Institute, has offered a silver *amphora*, in memory of that gallant messenger of old who died in bringing to Athens the tidings of Miltiades's glorious victory, is a feature of the programme that cannot be duplicated anywhere else in the world. And even yacht-races have an additional charm when held in the Saronic Gulf, within that unmatched frame of blue islands, purple mountains, and green landscape, and upon those historic waters where once three hundred sturdy Greek triremes shattered the Asiatic squadrons and sealed the fate of the world. These stirring scenes cannot fail to impress the most prosaic and matter-of-fact modern sportsman; and sport acquires a more exalted dignity in the land where the cultivation and perfection of the human body by athletic training reached their ideal pitch two thousand years ago.



GROUND-PLAN OF THE STADION.

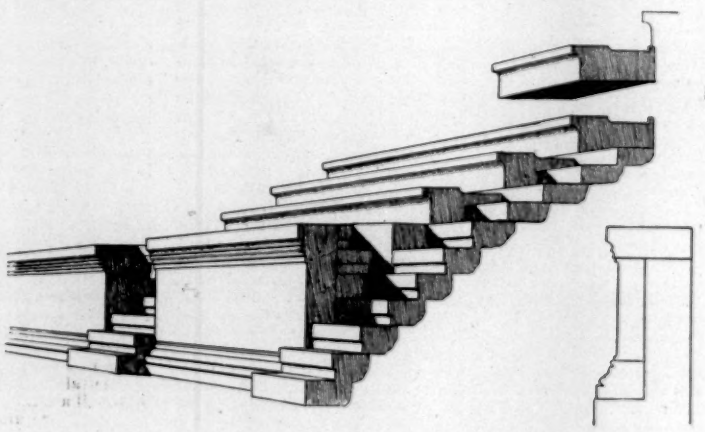
To the pleasure derived from the contemplation of these scenes must be added the charm of the Greek springtime, which will be at its fairest at the celebration of the games. Never does the Attic sun, warm and invigorating, smile so genially, never is the balmy air so laden with the fragrance of flower and heather from the incense-breathing hills, never is the sky and the sea so blue, the sunset tints upon the mountains so wonderful, or the flooding silvery light of the full moon so brilliant, as in that month which in other lands is a synonym for abrupt and disagreeable atmospheric changes. Travelling in Greece is an unalloyed delight in April, when the ground is no longer cut up by the winter rains; when the warmth of the sun's rays is tempered by cool breezes from the sea or from the snow-clad mountain-peaks; when the eye feasts upon ever-changing vistas of silvery olive grove, bright vineyard, dark oak forest, and waving wheat-fields scarlet with poppies. Nor are the means of travelling to-day as primitive as they were thirty years ago—a fact over which only a few hopeless devotees of the picturesque lament. Now you can travel by rail from Athens to Megara, to Corinth, Nemea, Mykenæ, Argos, Tiryns, Megalopolis, and Tegea, to Kyllene and Olympia, to Laurion and Sunion. By next year another railway will probably be available to Platæa, Thebes, Lebadea, Orchomenos, and Chalcis. The new canal across the isthmus of Corinth has created a direct sea route from Piræus to Amphissa and Delphi. Other steamship lines from Piræus embrace the islands of the Archipelago, the Euboïc Strait, and the ports of Thessaly, whose great wheat-growing plain is intersected by two lines of railway. Finally, Marathon, Salamis, Ægina, Pentelikon, Phylê, Dekeleia, Eleusis—each name bringing a host of stirring recollections in its train, and each completing the historical panorama about Athens—are but single-day pilgrimages from the capital.

The mystic influence of the Greek land, with its natural beauty and its powerful historic past, will of itself alone suffice to impart to the international meeting a special brilliancy, such as the modern Greeks themselves could hardly hope to effect with the limited resources which long ages of political subjection and the onslaught of successive barbarian invaders have left them. Nevertheless, Greek hospitality will not admit of such distinctions, and the Greeks are planning to entertain their visitors to the very best of their ability. Thus there will be nightly illuminations of all the classic monuments of Athens, and it has been fittingly proposed to arrange a grand historical procession representing memorable scenes of Greek history—ancient, mediæval, and modern. There is also some talk of the representation of an ancient drama in some well preserved classic Greek theatre, such as the great theatre at Epidaurus, only a few hours from Athens by steamer; in that case Professor Doerpfeld would be invited to erect a temporary wooden stage to illustrate his celebrated theory, and other talented scholars would cooperate in producing as faithful a picture as possible of the great dramatic masterpieces of the fifth century before Christ. The modern Greek dances, which are thought to be relics of antiquity, will also be properly represented by peasant dancers in their gay costumes, while all the philharmonic societies of Greece and Turkey have been invited to assemble at Athens and form a monster orchestra to furnish the music for the entire celebration, under the direction of Samaras, the well-known Greek composer, who has also been requested to compose a special Olympic hymn for the occasion.

Preparatory to next year's international meeting, all the athletic organizations in Greece are busy with local contests, and Mr. Philemon is kept constantly on the move attending the various meetings. A grand national meeting was held at Tenos on August 25th, 26th, and 27th next, where the best athletes were picked out for the international contest. These will in their turn be winnowed out in a subsequent national meeting, so that Greece may be creditably represented in the Olympic games next April. The programme for the Tenian games is as follows:

1. Foot-races:
   (*a*) One Olympic stadium (600 feet).
   (*b*) Double stadium.
   (*c*) Dolichos (12 stadia).
   (*d*) Armed hoplite race (the full campaign equipment of a modern Greek infantry soldier being substituted for the ancient equivalent).
2. Leaping.
   (*a*) Running high leap.
   (*b*) Running long leap.
   (*c*) Pole leap.
3. Throwing the *discos* (equivalent to putting the shot).
4. Climbing: rope-climbing, pole-climbing.
5. Gymnastic exercises: parallel bars, single bars, flying rings, trapeze.
6. Wrestling.
7. Shooting-match.
8. Rowing.
9. Poetical competition.

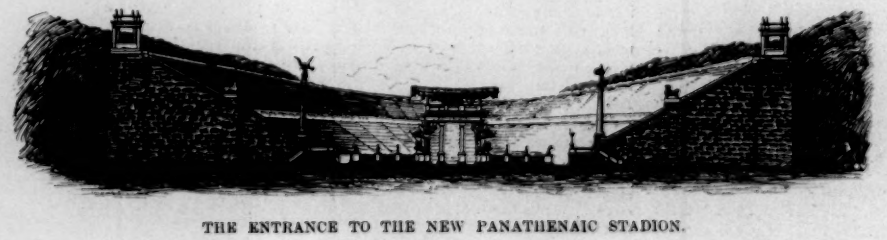
It will be seen that this programme differs widely from that of the international meeting, and the fact that it does not include bicycle races, a sport in which the Greeks expect to give good account of themselves next April, makes it probable that these Tenian games are more or less experimental. The reader will also be struck with the decided classic stamp given to this programme, to a degree that may seem to many little short of ridiculous. And I seem to hear the sarcasms of many good people, who insist upon studying the traditions of antiquity as matters of purely historic interest, and resent any attempt at imitation of that for which they profess such profound admiration. It may be added that the modern Greek is frequently accused of aping the language and customs of his great ancestors, while entirely wanting in true appreciation of the spirit of ancient civilization. His critics evidently think it preferable that he should evolve a language and a civilization of his own, as widely removed from the classic as possible. In other words, the Greek alone is denied the right of availing himself of that inexhaustible treasure-house of the ancients from which the world for many centuries has drawn its greatest benefits. This would imply either disrespect for the civilization of the past, as available for the needs of the nineteenth century, or profound contempt for the mental capacity of the modern Greek. The former alternative is ridiculous; the latter is unjust. The Greek's accusers are doubtless deceived by the outer coarser traditions, which long centuries of foreign oppression have engendered in him, to the eclipse of those finer instincts that formed a dominant part of the ancient Greek character. Yet perhaps these instincts are only lying dormant, and can be revived under favorable conditions. For no one can mistake the fierce and jealous pride with which the modern Hellene regards the traditions of the glorious past, even when he is too illiterate to know the exact reason of this feeling. The same cannot be said of the modern Italian, even of the educated class, as regards the remains of Roman antiquity. And it is surely a most natural and sensible tendency on the part of the Greeks to combine the past with the present and the future, to transplant ancient things—language, literature, art, etc.—into modern life as far as this is practicable, and although rendering thereby the divisions of time and age less distinct, yet tending to make antiquity truly living and tangible in the present day. It is only the things that were unknown to the ancients that they adopt from modern civilization, and even for these they create good Greek names. Visitors coming to Athens are struck by the decidedly classic type of a large majority of the buildings of the city, or by the classic vocabulary of the newspapers and of educated men. They start when they recognize Homeric words and phrases in the mouth of a grinning, illiterate, mischievous shoeblack or a rough uneducated peasant. The Greek does not notice such things—to him they are a matter of course; it never occurs to him that he should by preference speak of the "*Kastro*" instead of the "Akropolis," as I once heard a young instructor at Harvard insisting was the case. What does it matter if seventy years ago this was otherwise? It is enough that seventy years of political freedom have sufficed to the liberated Hellenic mind to grope its way back toward its ancient traditions, and to revive as much of the latter as is compatible with modern life. Our critics call this pedantic anachronism, an artificial movement. The fact remains, however, that the modern Greek spirit turns instinctively toward the products of the ancient Greek intellect and recognizes the affinity, and this is the strongest proof of the continuity and vitality of the Hellenic race.



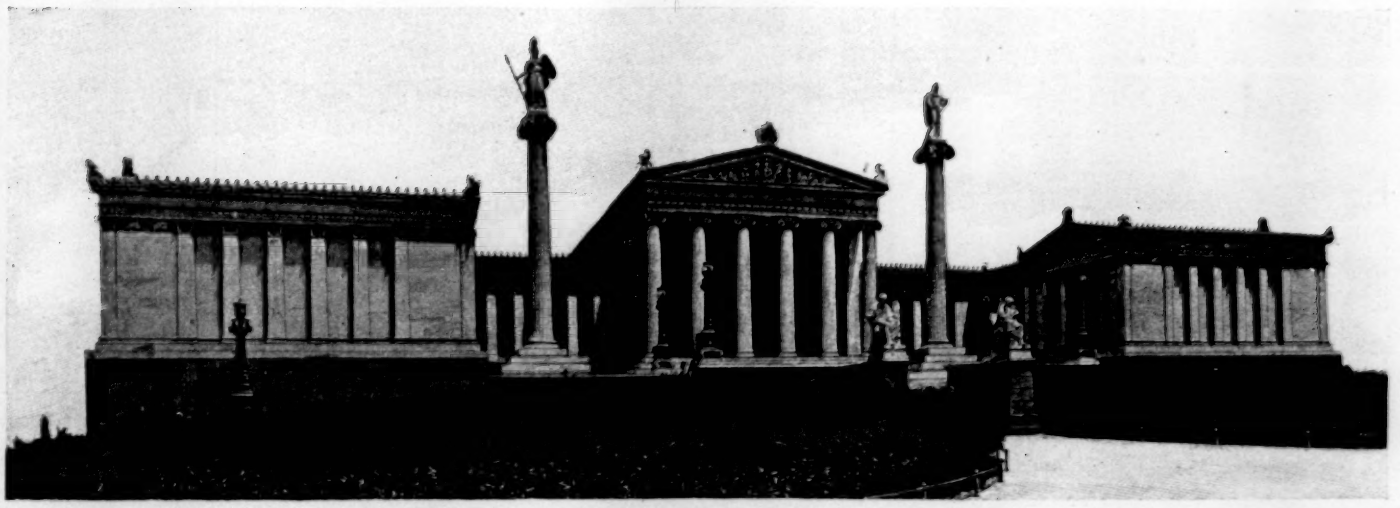
SECTIONAL DIAGRAM OF THE FIRST ROWS OF SEATS.

Therefore classical scholars must not take it too much to heart if the Greeks try the experiment, strictly *en famille*, of running the *hoplites dromos* in modern armament, before they send their chosen athletes to the international arena. The idea is certainly new, and there is no harm in seeing just how far an ancient programme is practicable in our day.

The international Olympic games of next year will be inaugurated on April 6th, which is the seventy-fifth anniversary of the proclamation of Greek independence. This fact alone will add much to the celebration. There is one thing that the Greeks cherish more highly than the traditions of the past, and that is—the hopes of the future. After the war of independence (1821–1829) only a sixth of the sum total of the Greek provinces of the Ottoman Empire was given liberty and independence. The reactionary spirit which pervaded the councils of Europe at that time would not hear of a fairer and more liberal arrangement at the expense of the "constituted authority" and "divine right" of the unspeakable Turk. Thirty-five years later, by England's liberality, the Ionian Islands were annexed to the little kingdom of Greece, and in 1880 the fertile wheat-growing plain of Thessaly was detached from Turkey and restored to the mother-country. Thus the Greek kingdom to-day has a population of two and a half millions, whereas in 1830 it



THE ENTRANCE TO THE NEW PANATHENAIC STADION.



THE ACADEMY OF ARTS.

could hardly have numbered more than 800,000 inhabitants. But there are, besides, six millions of Greeks living under Turkish rule, and it was therefore the Greek element which formerly was regarded tacitly as the ultimate heir to the Turkish Empire on the Golden Horn. Even as late as twenty-five years ago the Greeks were encouraged to hope that when the "sick man of the Bosporus" should succumb to his maladies they should regain the lands and cities of which he had despoiled them four centuries back. But, since 1870, strange races have, as it were, sprung from the earth in a night, and fostered by rival outsiders, have been pressing the Greeks hard for the future supremacy in the East. Bulgars, Roumanians, Wallachs, Serbs—races that were unknown thirty years ago, except as vague ethnographical terms, and that owe their independence to Russian bayonets or Austrian gold, without much effort on their own part—are making astonishing strides in self-government and military aggrandizement, and each boldly laying claim to Greek lands and cities. In Macedonia the Slavonic element, thanks to Bulgarian craft, Russian rubles, and Austrian blind support, is rapidly spreading at the expense of the Hellenic, which has to fight all these encroachments single-handed with its own unaided resources. And so to-day we are witnesses of the spectacle of Bulgaria, which counts barely fifteen years of national existence, demanding autonomy for Macedonia, confident that, should the restraining hand of the Turk once be removed, she will make short work of the Macedonian Greeks. I doubt very much if even those two Greek-haters *par excellence*, Metternich and Beaconsfield, would believe their eyes and ears could they return to life and take another look at the old problem of their lives—the Eastern question. Unfortunately, England and Austria have thrown themselves with blind confidence into the policy of supporting the Slavonic element, to the prejudice of the Hellenic, in the infatuated belief that they are thus creating a "bulwark" against Russia's advance upon Constantinople. And it is to be feared that the rude awakening will come only when it is too late, and the Cossack will be borne into the streets of Constantinople upon the shoulders of his Bulgarian cousin.

Meanwhile it is going hard with the Greeks. Heroic Crete, that has shed torrents of blood in repeated insurrections, is compelled by the European fleets to remain in subjection to a power that was unable to float a single war-ship out of the Golden Horn to send to the recent festivities at Kiel.

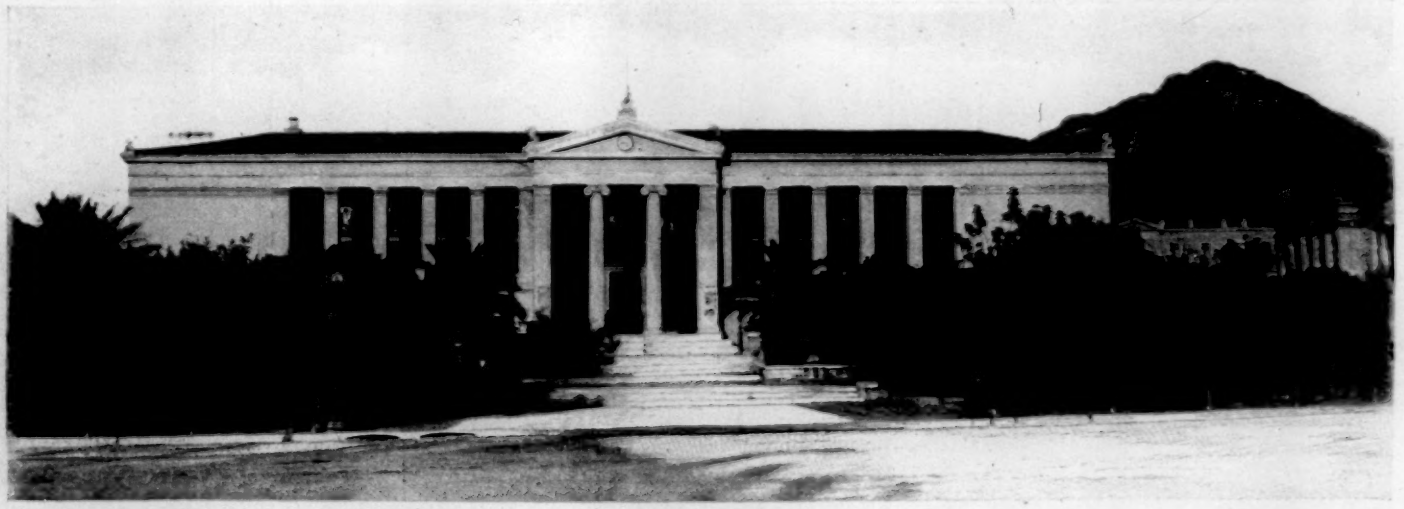
THE STADION AS IT IS TO-DAY.—MARBLE-CUTTERS PREPARING BLOCKS FOR NEW RESTORATION.

Cyprus, groaning under heavy burdens, in spite of the otherwise humane rule of the British, and loudly demanding union with Greece, is still kept back, and ground down with taxes to pay the Turkish tribute, which in reality is nothing else than a payment of coupons to English and French bondholders of an old Turkish war-loan. Throughout the Ottoman Empire the Greeks are persecuted in every way: Greek citizenship is ignored, the Greek consular post-offices have been abolished, the Greek language has been recently prohibited in the courts of law, and the circulation of Greek small coins is forbidden throughout the Turkish Empire. At the same time "free" Greece herself has lately become bankrupt, thanks to the recklessness of her rulers, and to the full-rigged constitutional form of government with which she was prematurely endowed, without any preparatory political schooling. Thus the Greek race has been in every way under a cloud of late.

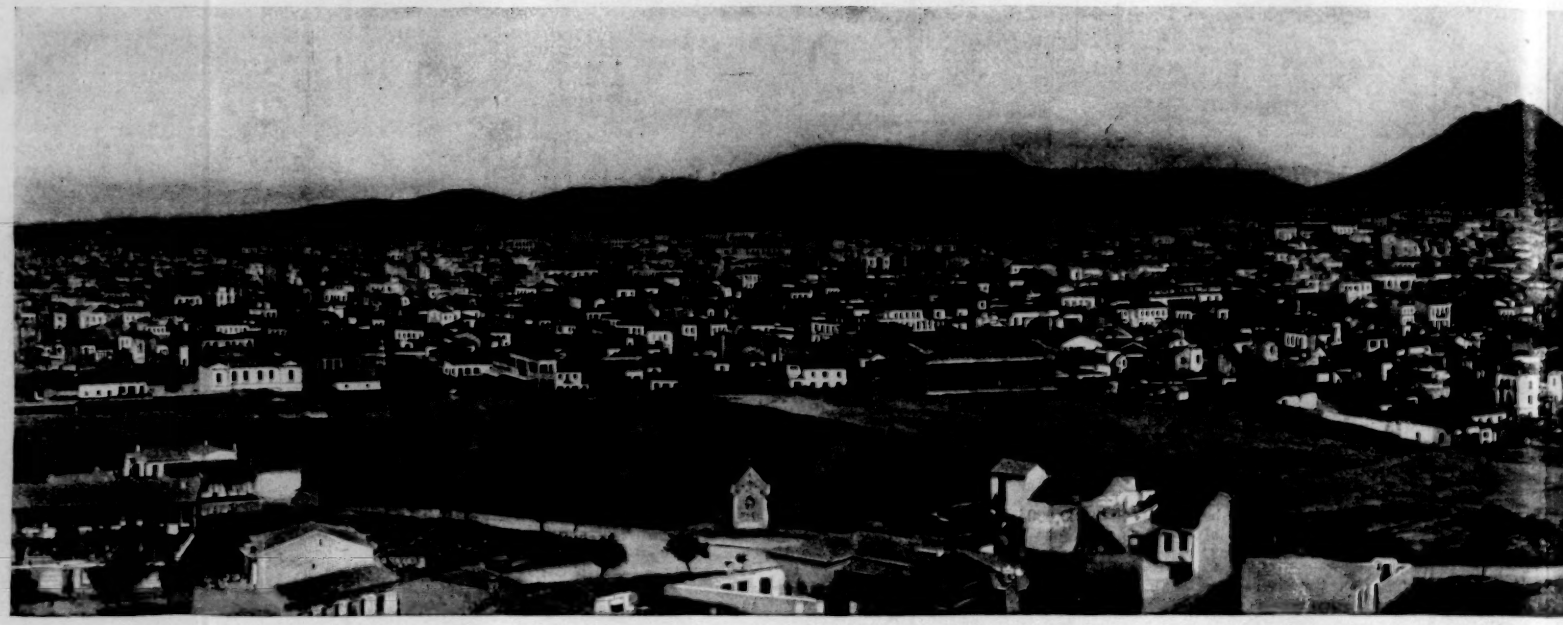
But the crash of bankruptcy seems to have brought them to their senses, and on all sides a cry for reform and reorganization is heard. And the sense of isolation, which has weighed upon them of late years, makes the prospect doubly welcome of coming once more into direct contact with other nations through the Olympic meeting of next year. The opportunity will be seized to show the representatives of Europe and America that the Hellenic race, though hard pressed, is not daunted, but still possesses that wonderful vitality which has carried it over so many terrible trials during the past thirty centuries. The world will see the Greeks as they have never been seen before this century—a united nation, welded into one homogeneous body by long centuries of common misfortunes, without a trace of those old-time jealousies which split up the race into a thousand petty states and cities. So strong is the bond which unites all Greeks of to-day that even those distant, Greek populations which inhabit the interior of Asia Minor, and who have even lost the use of the Greek language (but write the Turkish with Greek characters), weep with emotion when they are told of Athens and King George and the Greek ironclads. The Peloponnesian may find it difficult to understand the *patois* of his fellow-Greek from Cæsarea or Trebizond, but embraces him as a brother, and admits him to equal rights with himself.

The seventy-fifth anniversary of Greek independence will therefore be celebrated with an enthusiasm born of the despairing determination to make good the errors of the past, to concentrate the national energies more closely upon the building up of a strong and prosperous Greek state as the first step toward the realization of the national aspirations, and to fight to the last against the encroachments of the Slavonic inundation from the north.

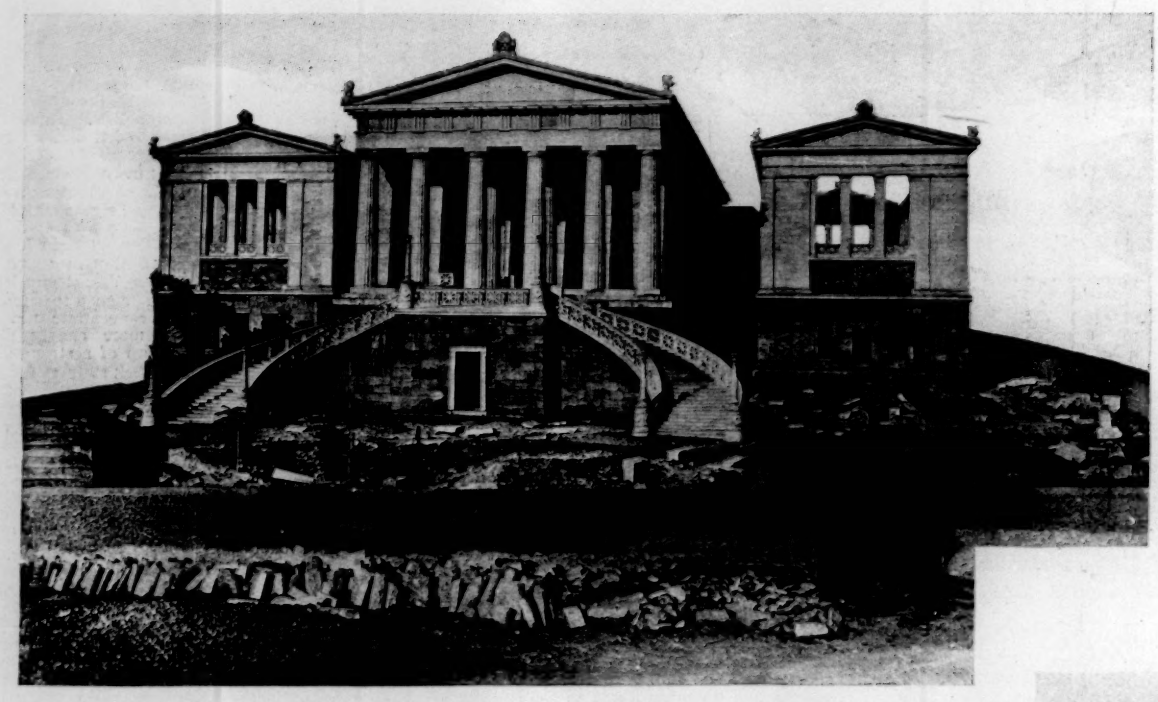
The present generation has produced no great Philhellenes like Canning, Church, Byron, Henry Clay, Wendell Phillips, Daniel Webster, Samuel Howe, Müller, Gladstone, Lenormant. On the contrary, the aspirations and ambitions of the Greeks—the Panhellenic "great idea," so-called—have become objects of ridicule, not only to diplomats who have selfish motives of their own at the bottom of their witticisms, but to many others, who are justly disgusted with the frivolous policy of the Greek leaders, as contrasted with the silent but steady progress achieved by the other races of the Balkan peninsula. But in view of the fate of those nations—Finland, Poland, Kurland—upon which Slav despotism has already fastened itself, there is no room to doubt that Slav domination in the East will be disastrous not only to the Greek race, but to Western civilization as well. Therefore the friends of the Greeks will doubtless assert themselves on both sides of the Atlantic as soon as the Greeks show that they have learned the



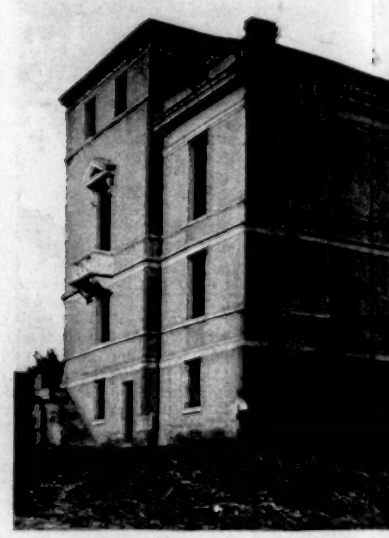
THE NATIONAL UNIVERSITY—MAIN ENTRANCE.



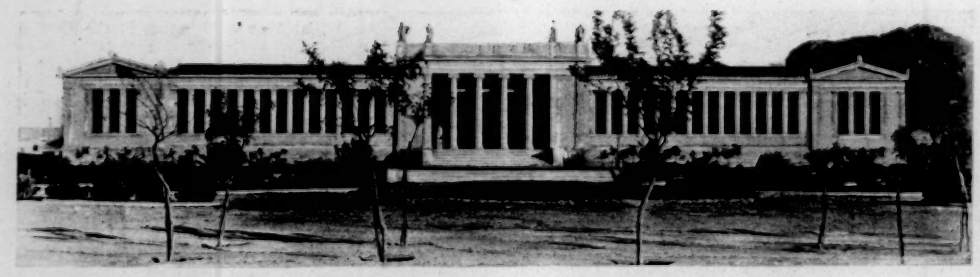
PANORAMA OF ATHEN



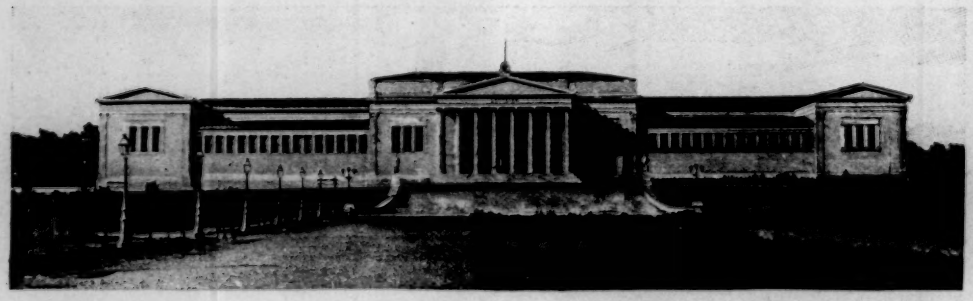
THE NATIONAL LIBRARY (UNFINISHED).



AMERICAN SCHOOL FO



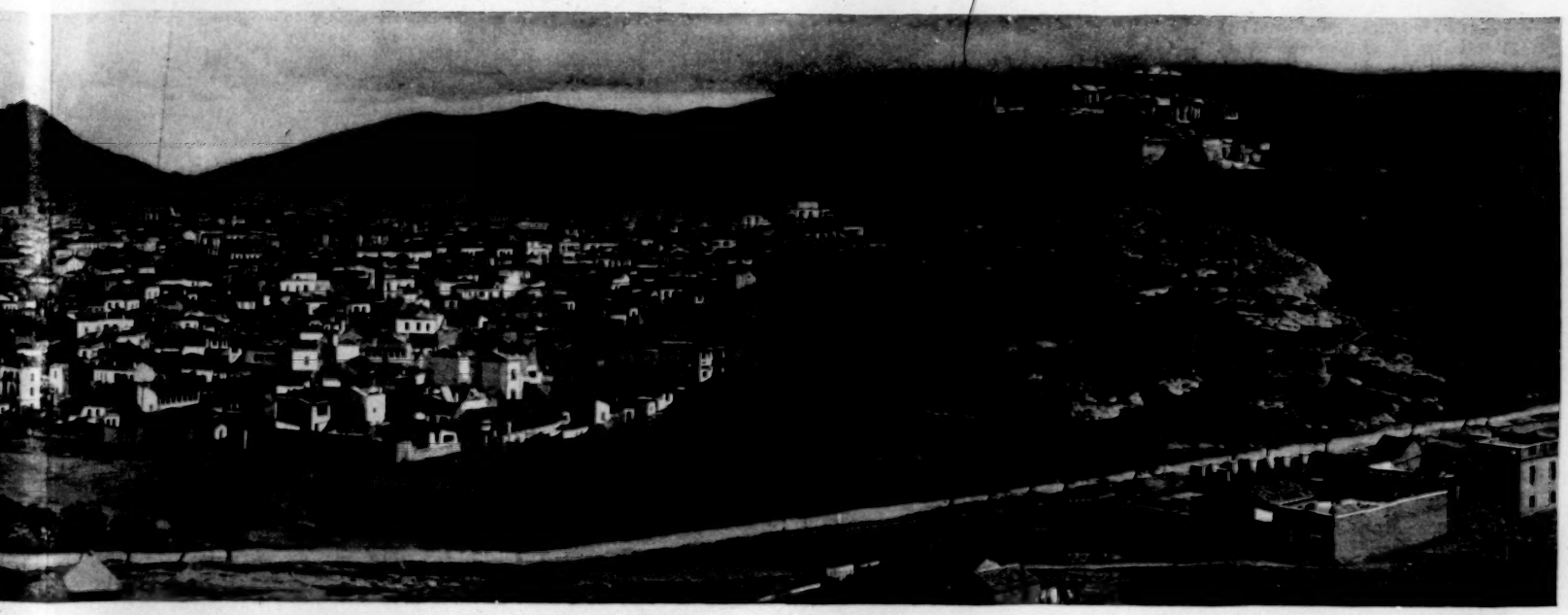
THE NATIONAL MUSEUM (MAIN FRONT).



THE ZAPPEION (NATIONAL EXPOSITION BUILDING).

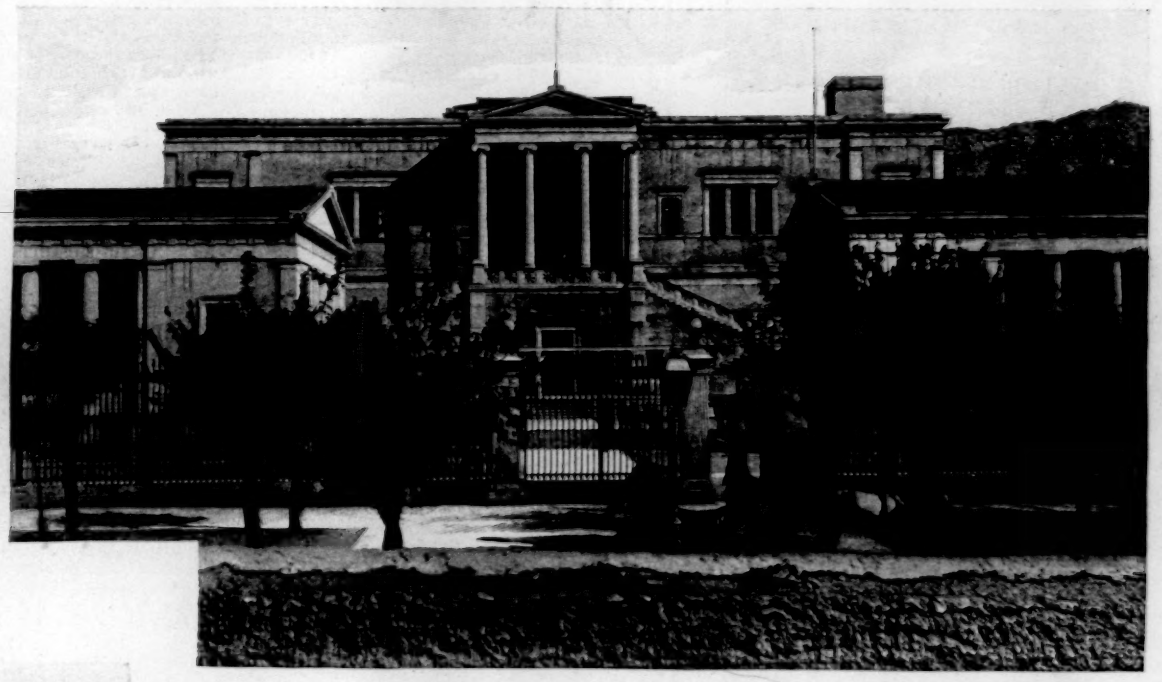
THE BOULEUTERION, OR

THE NEW OLYMPIC GAMES—ATHENS AND SOME OF

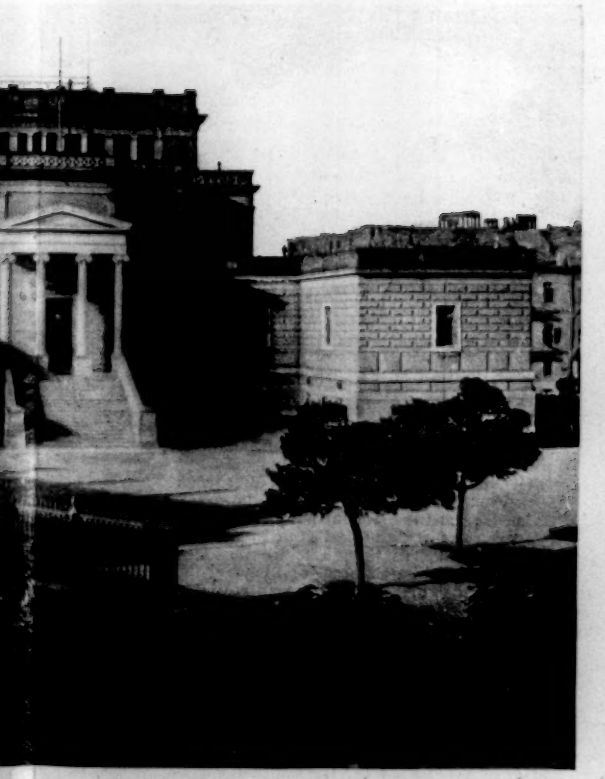


F ATHENS FROM THE PNYX.

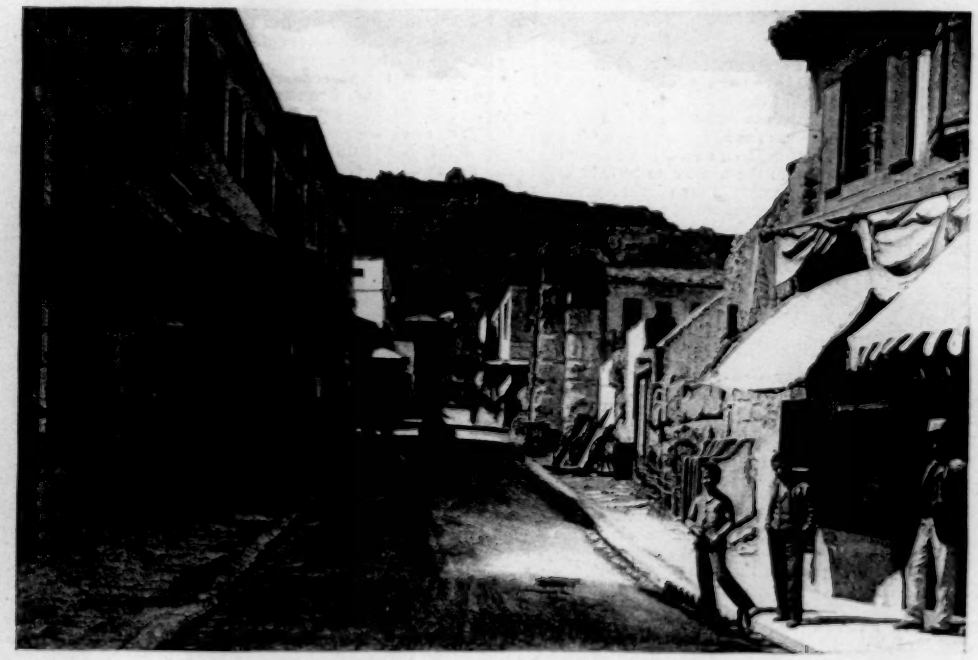
OOL FOR CLASSIC STUDIES.



THE POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE.



ON, OR PARLIAMENT-HOUSE.



A BIT OF OLDER ATHENS—UPPER ÆOLUS STREET.

OF ITS NOTABLE MODERN BUILDINGS.—[See Page 919.]

lesson of the past. For it is the Grecks that are to-day the only possible barrier against the advance of the Slavs toward the Mediterranean, just as it was the Greeks that saved the world from the Asiatic inundation five hundred years before our era, and the Greek Empire of the Middle Ages that kept the Moslem at bay for six centuries. The thousands that will visit Athens next year will see that Greece is not merely a land of classic shades, of storied ruins, and renowned sites, but a country of tingling life and progress, of enterprise, and of thirst for knowledge. In the capital of the Greek race, surrounded by representatives from every Greek city and province, and every Greek colony throughout the world, they will doubtless discern in this race a valuable educating and civilizing power in the East, aspiring not to the conquest of foreign countries and races, but to the recovery of what belongs to it both by tradition and by actuality, to the consolidation of all Greek-speaking lands into a strong and effectual bulwark against the advance of Panslavism.

It must not, however, be inferred that the international Olympic games of 1896 will thereby assume a belligerent character, or be disturbed by any violent Panhellenic demonstrations. History teaches us that it is not the conquests effected *vi et armis* that are the most lasting, and the Hellenic race can and must assert its supremacy among the races of the Ottoman Empire solely by the weapon of an enlightening and civilizing influence. At the Olympic meeting all will be harmony and good-fellowship. We shall see picturesque costumes from Crete, Cyprus, Asia Minor, Constantinople, Thrace, Macedonia, Epirus, Albania, the Caucasus, and Syria mingling amicably with New-Yorkers and Bostonians, with Englishmen, Frenchmen, Italians, Germans, Swedes, Spaniards, and Hungarians—a huge mutual admiration society, in spite of the confusion of tongues. Even the "hereditary foe" will be represented by a band of Turkish wrestlers, and will receive a cordial welcome. Just as of old, at the approach of the Olympic festival, a "holy truce" was proclaimed throughout all Hellenic lands and states, and even belligerents met and fraternized in the sacred Altis, so next year in the new Panathenaic Stadion all nations will meet in holy truce, and fraternize in the noble cause of athletics. In the presence of majestic antiquity and the undying monuments of its great achievements all modern quarrels are hushed in awe and admiration.

AN INTERNATIONAL CHESS TOURNAMENT FOR AMERICA.

A GREAT international chess tournament in America should be the natural outcome of the American victory at Hastings. Such a tournament may well be arranged for the summer of 1896.

A few suggestions as to this would seem to be timely, and are offered for the purpose of inducing popular interest and a popular promotion of such an international contest.

A desire to excel individually no doubt contains some elements of what may be styled rational selfishness, but the desire for national excellence is surely pure patriotism; and a Seventh American Chess Congress, if it is determined upon, should be the result of this sentiment in the heart of the American people.

Dare we abide the issue? Good old Bunker Hill stock won at Hastings against all Europe in twenty-two-year-old Pillsbury, and he can win again.

His only regret, on sailing for England, was that some other native American players were not bound outward with him to uphold their country's honor and reputation. Who has not wished the company might have included our Cornell University brother Jackson Showalter, or Edward Hymes, of Columbia, or, scarcely older than Pillsbury, John Barry, of Boston? These men, native Americans all (and there are others), can be depended upon to hold high their country's standard if the battle shall wage here in 1896.

The expense of such a contest, including prizes to the winners, need not exceed, all told, the sum of eight thousand dollars. The preliminary step is to secure this amount, whether by the popular subscriptions of many or the generous donations of a few.

There must also be secured (and there can be) proper management for the details of this enterprise. The Hastings tournament is a bright example in this respect, which will not be difficult to follow.

The tournament should be distinctly international in its character, and at least England, Germany, Austro-Hungary, Russia, France, and the United States should be represented, each with a limited number of contestants, bringing up the total to not above twenty-four players.

The recognized chess clubs of these countries should be asked to send their great masters to represent not only the country but also the club, as was the Brooklyn Chess Club by Pillsbury at Hastings. A gold cup or other emblem should be added as a trophy to the winner, to be held in the custody of his club until the next international tournament should require it for another competition.

But well-formed detail is not difficult to formulate. It remains only to be seen whether the stimulus to American patriotism given by the American victory at Hastings is sufficient to provide a field for a larger display of American genius, such as a Seventh American Chess Congress in 1896 would afford. JOHN D. ELWELL.

GRAPE-CULTURE IN NEW YORK.

BY LEE J. VANCE.

THE best table grapes in the United States are grown in that portion of New York State known as the "lake region," which comprises the country round four big lakes—Keuka, Canandaigua, Seneca, and Cayuga. This is the land of vineyards. There are about 32,000 acres of vines in this lake country. Here perhaps are grown more and better varieties of table grapes than elsewhere on the continent; here also are produced the light, delicate table and sparkling wines that may yet make the New York lake district as famous as the champagne district of France.

When the writer visited the Lake Keuka vineyards last month he found the story of the grape written all over the land. The lake is shaped like a badly formed Y. At the base of this Y, in what is called Pleasant Valley, is the quaint little village of Hammondsport. It was here that grape-culture took root nearly fifty years ago, when the first out-door grapes that found their way to the New York city market were sent by way of the Erie Canal.

Lake Keuka is a picturesque sheet of water, twenty-two miles in length, with an arm eight miles long. Its sixty miles of shore-line are almost one continuous stretch of trellised vines. The lake owes its great charm and beauty to its vine-clad hills, which rise straight and steep from the shore. Perhaps the most striking feature of the landscape is Bluff Point, which rises abruptly out of the water, making the lake Y-shaped. It stands like a lofty sentinel or watch-tower. Its steep sides are covered with trellised vines, and one wonders how they can be cultivated and kept so clean and neat. One of the finest vineyards along the lake is on this point.

Of course the best time to see these beautiful vineyards is during the vintage, when the vines are being plundered of their clusters of luscious fruit.

> "Every season hath its pleasures;
> Spring may boast her flowery prime,
> Yet the vineyard's ruby treasures
> Brighten autumn's sob'rer time."

In September and early October, then, the vineyards look their best; big bunches of grapes of exquisite tint and color shine through the leaves, which are turning brown and yellowish-brown. The vintage begins when the early varieties, as Delawares and Concords, are ripe, and it ends with the picking of the late varieties, as Catawbas and Niagaras. So from the first of September till the middle of October the grape harvest gives employment to a small army of people. The majority of the workers are women, who become most expert in the picking and packing of grapes. Girls in their teens, rosy-cheeked maidens, and gray-haired mothers flock to the vineyards from the neighboring farms and villages.

This grape-picking time does not bring those scenes of mirth and pleasure which we all associate with the vintage season in olden days, when young and old sang hymns and danced in honor of the wine-god, Bacchus. And yet our modern grape harvest is not without its picturesque features. The dark or light green vines furnish a fine setting for the moving figures of men, women, and children. In the early morn, when the sun is rising out of the pale saffron and rose glow over yon eastern hill, there is a subdued hush over the vineyard, broken by the twittering of birds. Soon the noise of the day begins, and then you hear bits of talk, laughter, and snatches of song. Look at the glimpses of color here and there—a red waist, a blue ribbon, or a colored shawl. Watch the light, quick movements of busy fingers, and the graceful pose of young girls as they reach and bend over for the beautiful clusters. This grape-picking season is a kind of long and extended picnic for the young people, while the older ones look forward to it from year to year as the time to earn money which will keep them through the winter.

The bunches of grapes are cut from the stems by shears which have a coiled spring in the handle. The fruit is laid carefully in boxes, which, when filled, are carried to the end of the row. The boxes are gathered two or three times a day and taken to the packing-house. Here the clusters are sorted over, damaged or imperfect berries are removed, and unripe fruit set aside. The grapes are packed in five and ten pound baskets. Just as it takes a woman to stow away a whole wardrobe in a Saratoga trunk, so it requires feminine fingers to pack ten pounds of grapes into a nine-pound basket. It is surprising how many bunches of grapes can be pressed tightly yet tenderly into such small space.

The number of baskets of grapes sent annually from the New York lake region is enormous. A modest estimate of the grape crop places it at about 20,000 tons, or 40,000,000 pounds. This will require about 2500 cars for transportation, and as each car holds about 2500 baskets, the reader can readily figure that 7,000,000 baskets is not an over-estimate of the number sent to market. The bulk of the New York lake grapes is shipped to Eastern cities—to New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Washington. It is sent by fast freight, the rate being 35 cents per hundred pounds. Markets for New York grapes are now being opened in the West and Northwest. Grapes are shipped by car-loads to Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, St. Paul, and even as far as Winnipeg, Manitoba.

About one-half of the grape crop of the lake region is handled and disposed of by the Central New York Grape-growers' Union, with headquarters at Penn Yan. The business of the union is managed by a board of directors, which contains representatives of the different sections of the vineyard district, as follows: the Lake Keuka district has six directors, the Seneca Lake district three, the Canandaigua Lake district three, and one at large. The shipments of the district are pooled, each variety of grape by itself. The receipts are divided *pro rata* among the shippers. One object of this grape union is to supply grapes to consumers in first-class condition. The fruit is inspected and classified as No. 1 or No. 2. All unripe and badly packed grapes are rejected. The union ships, in round numbers, 3,500,000 baskets of grapes, and the receipts are about $300,000. This money is distributed daily as each day's sales are pooled, and checks sent to the growers. After October 1st pools are made weekly. Thus the growers are relieved of the work and trouble that come if they attend to their own sales, shipping, and collections.

The grape-growers tell me that there is but little profit in the industry. With few exceptions, they all complain of low prices. Ten years ago, when the growers received four and five cents a pound for their fruit, there was money in the industry. This season grapes have not brought over two cents a pound, or forty dollars a ton. It is calculated that a vineyard will yield, on the average, two tons to the acre, so that grapes are more profitable than any grain crop. But there is a surplus of grapes. The markets of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia in plentiful seasons become glutted every few days, and grapes are sold for one cent a pound or less. Sometimes whole car-loads bring the shipper into debt for freight and commissions.

The question now is, what shall be done with the surplus crop of grapes? Many growers look to the increasing needs of the wine industry for relief. At the present time the wine-cellars take only about one-fifth of the grapes grown in the State. With the growing demand for good American wine the time should not be far distant when the cellars take one-half of the grape crop. In California four-fifths of the grapes are pressed into wine, and the annual product is about 15,000,000 gallons. In New York it is less than 3,000,000 gallons.

The grapes grown in the Lake Keuka region are peculiarly adapted to making the light table wines, especially champagne. They are unlike the California grapes, which make the heavy-liquor wines, such as ports, sherries, and madeiras, and demi liquor wines, such as sauterne. Certain qualities of the soil on the side hills of Lake Keuka, which, by-the-way, appears thin and sterile, give to the Concord, Delaware, and Catawba grapes a fine flavor, or tang, and it is these grapes that make a most delicate sparkling wine.

The headquarters of the champagne industry are around Hammondsport, which is in the heart of the vineyard district. Here there are eight wine-cellars within a radius of eight miles. Several of these wine companies have erected extensive buildings, and have immense vaults for ripening champagne. The two largest of these each carry about 1,000,000 bottles of champagne in stock the year round. The next largest carries a stock of about 350,000 bottles of champagne, besides the still wines. The wines of these companies are superior brands of American champagnes, which are not always distinguishable from foreign vintages.

If you visit one of these cellars you will learn something of the mystery of making champagne by the French method—*i. e.*, by fermentation in the bottle. You ask permission to explore the dark deep vaults under the side hill, and it is granted. One of the workmen acts as your guide. As you descend into the cellars the man hands you a lighted candle. You would get lost without some light, for there are thirteen champagne-vaults and ten still-wine vaults, through which one might wander for hours without finding a point of egress.

In these vaults you feel a decided chill; no wonder, for the temperature is kept at about 45 degrees by cold storage the year round. As you walk through vault after vault, you see thousands of bottles in deep piles, and thousands of bottles in ∧ shaped racks. The bottles are first placed horizontally, and then, after the first year, when the wine is ripening, they are placed neck downwards, in order that the sediment which accumulates may be deposited on the cork. When fermentation is very active, hundreds of bottles burst, and the wine flows out over the stone floors. You inhale the sweet and cloying perfume of the spilled wine, and there comes to most people a sense of luxury in being able to wade through champagne an inch deep.

When you come up from the dark vaults you are taken to the finishing-room, and there you see champagne passing through its final stages. The old cork is removed, and, behold! the sediment shoots out like spray from a fountain. Then the bottle is placed in a machine, and a small "dosage" of liqueur (consisting of sugar syrup and brandy) is added to the wine, which is thus made "dry" or "extra dry," as the wine-maker and customers desire it. As bottles are liable to burst during the handling, the men wear wire-gauze masks over their faces and heavy gloves to protect their hands.

The bottle is now recorked, passed on to another workman, who wires and caps it, and finally to a third man, who puts on the label. The wine is ready for shipment. Meanwhile it has taken two years for the new wine, or "must," to be converted and ripened into sparkling champagne, and each bottle, according to actual count, has been handled no less than one hundred and eighty times.

A HOUSE-BOAT ON THE STYX.

BEING SOME ACCOUNT OF THE DIVERS DOINGS OF THE ASSOCIATED SHADES.

(*Publication Authorized by the House Committee.*)

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

VI.—SOME THEORIES, DARWINIAN AND OTHERWISE.

"I OBSERVE," said Doctor Darwin, looking up from a perusal of an asbestos copy of the London *Times*—"I observe that an American professor has discovered that monkeys talk. I consider that a very interesting fact."

"It undoubtedly is," observed Doctor Livingstone, "though hardly new. I never said anything about it over in the other world, but I discovered years ago in Africa that monkeys were quite as well able to hold a sustained conversation with each other as most men are."

"And I, too," put in Baron Munchausen, "have frequently conversed with monkeys. I made myself a master of their idioms during my brief sojourn in—ah—in—Well, never mind. I never could remember the names of places. The interesting point is that at one period of my life I was a master of the monkey language. I have even gone so far as to write a sonnet in Simian, which was quite as intelligent to the uneducated as nine-tenths of the sonnets written in English then, or in American."

"Do you mean to say that you could acquire the monkey accent?" asked Doctor Darwin, immediately interested.

"In most instances," returned the Baron, suavely, "though of course not in all. I found the same difficulty in some cases that the German or the Chinaman finds when he tries to speak French. A Chinaman can no more say Trocadéro, for instance, as the Frenchman says it, than he can fly. That peculiar throaty aspirate the Frenchman gives to the first syllable, as though it were spelled trhoque, is utterly beyond the Chinese—and beyond the American, too, whose idea of the tonsillar aspirate leads him to speak of the troche-deero, naturally falling back upon troches to help him out of his laryngeal difficulties."

"You ought to have been on the staff of *Punch*, Baron," said Thackeray, quietly. "That joke would have made you immortal."

"I *am* immortal," said the Baron. "But to return to our discussion of the Simian tongues: as I was saying, there were some little points about the accent that I could never get, and, as in the case of the German and Chinaman with the French language, the trouble was purely

"'AND I TOO,' PUT IN BARON MUNCHAUSEN, 'HAVE FREQUENTLY CONVERSED WITH MONKEYS.'"

physical. When you consider that in polite Simian society most of the talkers converse while swinging by their tails from the limb of a tree, with a sort of droning accent, which results from their swaying to and fro, you will see at once why it was that I, deprived by nature of the necessary apparatus with which to suspend myself in mid-air, was unable to quite catch the quality which gives its chief charm to monkey-talk."

"I should hardly think that a man of your fertile resources would have let so small a thing as that stand in his way," said Doctor Livingstone. "When a man is able to make a reputation for himself like yours, in which material facts are never allowed to interfere with his doing what he sets out to do, he ought not to be daunted by the need of a tail. If you could make a cherry-tree grow out of a deer's head, I fail to see why you could not personally grow a tail, or anything else you might happen to need for the attainment of your ends."

"I was not so anxious to get the accent as all that," returned the Baron. "I don't think it is necessary for a man to make a monkey of himself just for the pleasure of mastering a language. Reasoning similarly, a man to master the art of braying in a fashion comprehensible to the jackass of average intellect should make a jackass of himself, cultivate his ears, and learn to kick, so as properly to punctuate his sentences after the manner of most conversational beasts of that kind."

"Then you believe that jackasses talk, too, do you?" asked Doctor Darwin.

"Why not?" said the Baron. "If monkeys, why not donkeys? Certainly they do. All creatures have some means of communicating their thoughts to each other. Why man in his conceit should think otherwise I don't know, unless it be that the birds and beasts in their conceit probably think that they alone of all the creatures in the world can talk."

"I haven't a doubt," said Doctor Livingstone, "that monkeys listening to men and women talking think they are only jabbering."

"They're not far from wrong in most cases if they do," said Doctor Johnson, who up to this time had been merely an interested listener. "I've thought that many a time myself."

"Which is perhaps, in a slight degree, confirmation of my theory," put in Darwin. "If Doctor Johnson's mind runs in the same channels that the monkey's mind runs in, why may we not say that Doctor Johnson, being a man, has certain qualities of the monkey, and is therefore, in a sense, of the same strain?"

"You may say what you please," retorted Johnson, wrathfully, "but I'll make you prove what you say about me."

"I wouldn't if I were you," said Doctor Livingstone, in a peace-making spirit. "It would not be a pleasant task for you, compelling our friend to prove you descended from the ape. I should think you'd prefer to make him leave it unproved."

"Have monkeys Boswells?" queried Thackeray.

"I don't know anything about 'em," said Johnson, petulantly.

"No more do I," said Darwin, "and I didn't mean to be offensive, my dear Johnson. If I claim Simian ancestry for you, I claim it equally for myself."

"Well, I'm no snob," said Johnson, unmollified. "If you want to brag about your ancestors, do it. Leave mine alone. Stick to your own genealogical orchard."

"Well, I believe fully that we are all descended from the ape," said Munchausen. "There isn't any doubt in my mind that before the flood all men had tails. Noah had a tail. Shem, Ham, and Japheth had tails. It's perfectly reasonable to believe it. The Ark in a sense proved it. It would have been almost impossible for Noah and his sons to construct the Ark in the time they did with the assistance of only two hands apiece. Think, however, of how fast they could work with the assistance of that third arm. Noah could hammer a clapboard on to the Ark with two hands while grasping a saw and cutting a new board or planing it off with his tail. So with the others. We all know how much a third hand would help us at times."

"But how do you account for its disappearance?" put in Doctor Livingstone. "Is it likely they would dispense with such a useful adjunct?"

"No, it isn't; but there are various ways of accounting for its loss," said Munchausen. "They may have overworked it building the Ark; Shem, Ham, or Japheth may have had his caught in the door of the Ark and cut off in the hurry of the departure; plenty of things may have happened to eliminate it. Men lose their hair and their teeth, why might not a man lose a tail? Scientists say that coming generations far in the future will be toothless and bald. Why may it not be that through causes unknown to us we are similarly deprived of something our forefathers had?"

"The only reason for man's losing his hair is that he wears a hat all the time," said Livingstone. "The Derby hat is the enemy of hair. It is hot and dries up the scalp. You might as well try to raise watermelons in the Desert of Sahara as to try to raise hair under the modern hat. In fact, the modern hat is a furnace."

"Well, it's a mighty good furnace," observed Munchausen. "You don't have to put coal on the modern hat."

"Perhaps," interposed Thackeray, "the ancients wore their hats on their tails."

"Well, I have a totally different theory," said Johnson.

"You always did have," observed Munchausen.

"Very likely," said Johnson. "To be commonplace never was my ambition."

"What is your theory?" queried Livingstone.

"Well—I don't know," said Johnson, "if it be worth expressing."

"It may be worth sending by freight," interrupted Thackeray. "Let us have it."

"Well, I believe," said Johnson—"I believe that Adam was a monkey."

"He behaved like one," said Thackeray.

"I believe that the forbidden tree was a tender one, and therefore the only one upon which Adam was forbidden to swing by his tail," said Johnson.

"Clear enough—so far," said Munchausen.

"But that the possession of tails by Adam and Eve entailed a love of swinging thereby, and that they could not resist the temptation to swing from every limb in Eden, and that therefore, while Adam was off swinging on other trees, Eve took a swing on the forbidden tree; that Adam, returning, caught her in the act, and immediately gave way himself and swung," said Johnson.

"Then you eliminate the serpent?" queried Darwin.

"Not a bit of it. The serpent was the tail. Look at most snakes to-day. What are they but unattached tails?"

"They do look it," said Darwin, thoughtfully.

"Why, it's clear as day," said Johnson. "As punishment Adam and Eve lost their tails, and the tail itself was compelled to work for a living and do its own walking."

"I never thought of that," said Darwin. "It seems reasonable."

"It is reasonable," said Johnson.

"And the snakes of the present day?" queried Thackeray.

"I believe to be the missing tails of men," said Johnson. "Somewhere in the world is a tail for every man and woman and child. Where one's tail is no one can ever say, but that it exists simultaneously with its owner I believe. The abhorrence man has for snakes is directly attributable to his abhorrence for all things which have deprived him of something that is good. If Adam's tail had not tempted him to swing on the forbidden tree, we should all of us have been able through life to relax from business cares after the manner of the monkey, who is happy from morning until night."

"Well, I can't see that it does us any good to sit here and discuss this matter," said Doctor Livingstone. "We can't reach any conclusion. The only way to settle the matter, it seems to me, is to go directly to Adam, who is a member of this club, and ask him how it was."

"That's a great idea," said Thackeray, scornfully. "You'd look well going up to a man and saying, 'Excuse me, sir, but—ah—were you ever a monkey?'"

"To say nothing of catechising a man on the subject of an old and dreadful scandal," put in Munchausen. "I'm surprised at you, Livingstone. African etiquette seems to have ruined your sense of propriety."

"I'd just as lief ask him," said Doctor Johnson. "Etiquette? Bah! What business has etiquette to stand in the way of human knowledge. Conventionality is the last thing men of brains should strive after, and I, for one, am not going to be bound by it."

"Here Doctor Johnson touched the electric bell, and in an instant the shade of a buttons appeared.

"Boy, is Adam in the club-house to-day?"

"I'll go and see, sir," said the boy, and he immediately departed.

"Good boy that," said Thackeray.

"Yes; but the service in this club is dreadful, considering what we might have," said Darwin. "With Aladdin a member of this club, I don't see why we can't have a lamp with genii galore to respond. It certainly would be more economical."

"True; but I, for one, don't care to fool with genii," said Munchausen. "When one member can summon a servant who is strong enough to take another member and do him up in a bottle and cast him into the sea, I have no use for the system. Plain ordinary mortal shades are good enough for me."

As Munchausen spoke, the boy returned.

"Mr. Adam isn't here to-day, sir," he said, addressing Doctor Johnson. "And Charon says he's not likely to be here, sir, seeing as how his account is closed, not having been settled for three months."

"Good," said Thackeray. "I was afraid he was here. I don't want to have him asked about his Eden experiences in my behalf. That's personality."

"Well, then, there's only one other thing to do," said Darwin. "Munchausen claims to be able to speak Simian. He might seek out some of the prehistoric monkeys and put the question to them."

"No, thank you," said Munchausen. "I'm a little rusty in the language, and, besides, you talk like an idiot. You might as well speak of the human language as the Simian language. There are French monkeys who speak monkey French, African monkeys who talk the most barbarous kind of Zulu monkey patois and Congo monkey slang, and so on. Let Johnson send his little Boswell out to drum up information. If there is anything to be found out he'll get it, and then he can tell it to me. Of course he may get it all wrong, but it will be entertaining, and we'll never know any difference." Which remark seemed to the others a good idea, but what ever came of it I have not been informed.

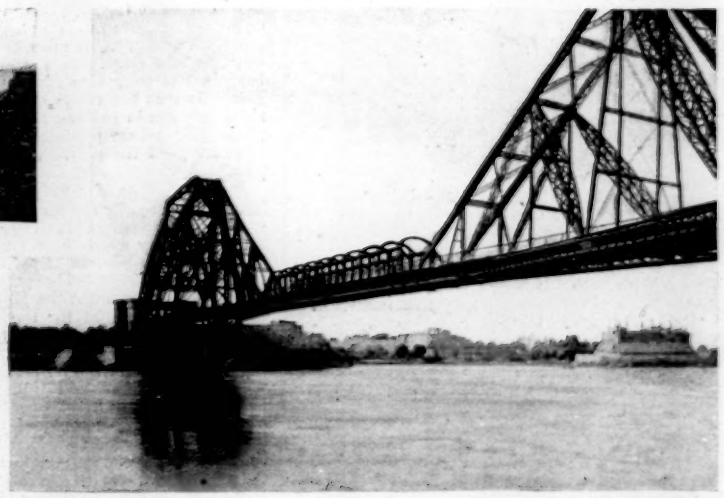
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"BOY, IS ADAM IN THE CLUB-HOUSE TO-DAY?"

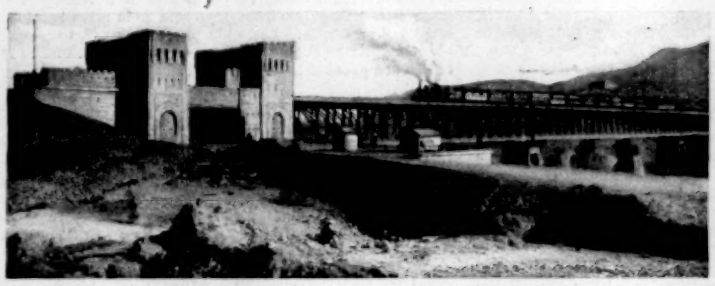
AN AMERICAN CHAMPAGNE DISTRICT.—Drawn by G. W. Peters.—[See Page 924.]

1. Making Baskets. 2. A Vineyard. 3. Grape-Crushers. 4. Wine-Press. 5. Packing Grapes. 6. A Lake Keuka Vineyard. 7. Grape-Pickers.

VIEW FROM THE FORT OF ALI MUSJÍD LOOKING BACK THROUGH THE KHYBER PASS.

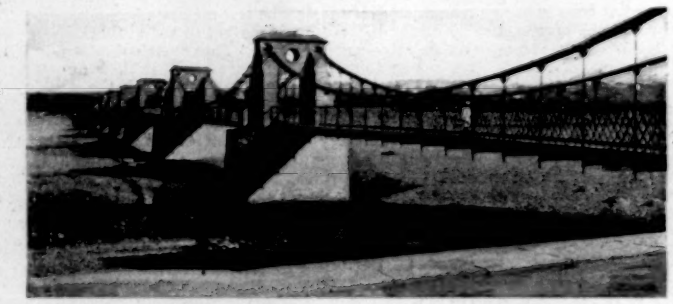


BRIDGE OVER THE INDUS AT SUKKUR—THE LONG SPAN.



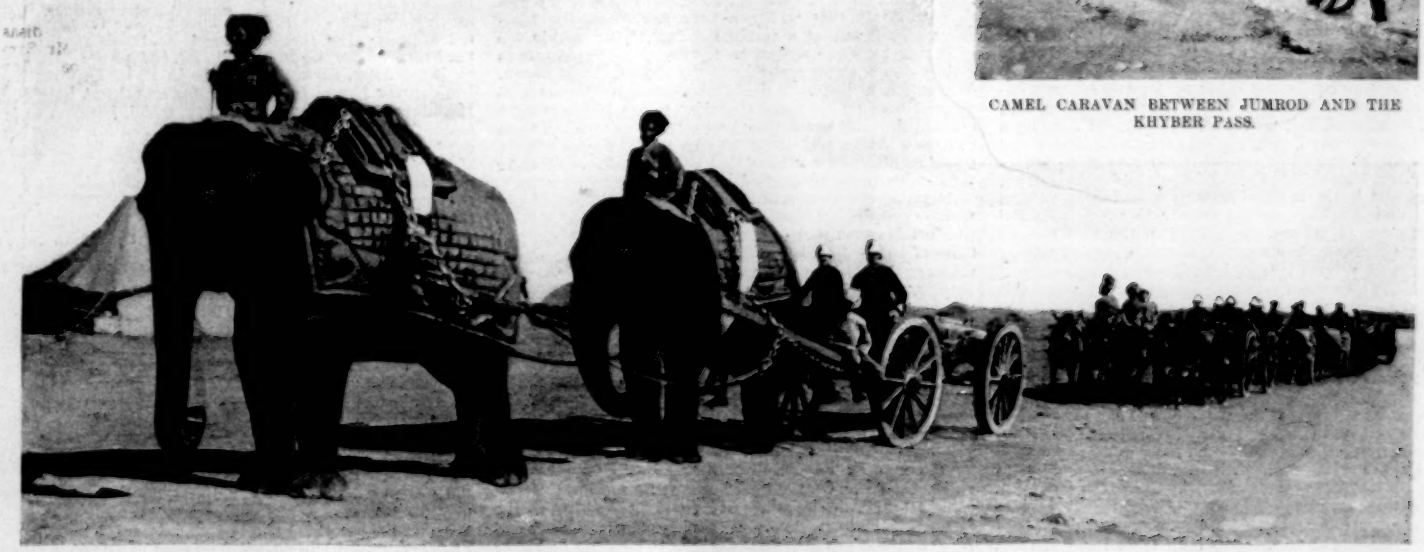
THE GREAT RAILWAY BRIDGE OVER THE INDUS NEAR ATTOCK.

BRIDGE OVER THE INDUS AT SUKKUR—FORTIFIED APPROACH FROM THE SUKKUR END.



BRIDGE OVER THE RIVER TAWI TO THE CITY OF JUMMU.

CAMEL CARAVAN BETWEEN JUMROD AND THE KHYBER PASS.



AN ELEPHANT BATTERY OF HEAVY ARTILLERY AT CAMPBELLPORE.

BATTERY CAISSONS DRAWN BY BULLOCKS.

WITH THE WORLD'S TRANSPORTATION COMMISSION IN INDIA—NORTHWESTERN INDIA AND THE KHYBER PASS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. H. JACKSON.—[SEE PAGE 928.]

THE PRESIDENTIAL CUP.

WANTED: A CHALLENGER.

Now that the yachts are laid aside,
And gone is all the Briton's pride,
The question that comes up
Deals with the Presidential Cup—
Now held by Grover C.
Who'll challenge? Levi P.
Of Albany?
Will he perchance
Go in to lead and win the dance?
Or shall the Hoosier come again
With lusty shouts for well-tried Ben?
Or Thomas Reed, the famous wit?
He's after it.
With both his hands he's joined the quest,
With silvery speech to please the West.
Or shall it go to C. Depew,
Who's lately come across the blue,
With many a bunch
Of jokes from *Punch*
With which to mystify the mass?
Or shall it come to pass
That Mr. Platt.
Who, like B. H., doth keep a hat
For talking through,
Would like—to gratify a whim—
To have the ticket Quay and Him?
Or will the place
For which they race
Be won by Bill,
Whose tariff skill
Made Uncle Sam'l stand amaze,
And wonder if the feudal days
Had come again, with tax and screw,
To make the citizen look blue?
No man can tell which one shall be
The Presidential *Valkyrie;*
But this is sure: the challenger,
Whoe'er he be, would better stir
His stumps and look well to his gear!
The time for action draweth near,
And the *Defender*'s on the way,
And gets more speedy every day,
And while in windward work he may not be
So windy as the G. O. P.,
It 'gins to look as though he'd peg
Along like 'mighty on the homeward leg.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

AROUND THE WORLD

WITH THE TRANSPORTATION COMMISSION OF THE FIELD COLUMBIAN MUSEUM

NORTHWESTERN RAILWAY AND THE KHYBER PASS.

FOR at least three thousand years, and no one can say how much longer, the great pass which penetrates the Himalayan range from Afghanistan on the north to the Punjab on the south has been the highway by which one horde of conquerors after another has poured down upon the plains of Hindostan. Alexander the Great, indeed, was the only one of all the conquerors of India in ancient times who reached the country by any other route; and his own experience, and still more that of his immediate successor, seemed to show that it was hardly possible to keep up a strong enough line of communication between India and the rest of the world by any other route so as to secure the country when gained. Of all continental countries, indeed, India is the most effectually guarded by natural barriers, and it is the greatest tribute to the wealth and attractiveness of the country that even the vast natural defences provided have again and again proved wholly inadequate to protect it from invasion and conquest.

In addition to the mountain barriers there were also provided secondary lines of defence in the shape of the Indus and its great tributaries, all flowing from east to west, and thus presenting a succession of obstacles hard indeed to pass in the face of an enemy. Modern progress and the paramount necessity, even for the purpose of defence, of providing easy means of transit across these have to some extent impaired the value of the rivers of northern India as lines of defence, and have obliged the British government to expend much both of ingenuity and money in rendering the bridges as little of a danger as possible to the country. A very large item in the cost of railway construction in India has been that entailed by bridge-building over the great rivers, which are specially subject to great and sudden floods both from tropical rains and from the melting of the snows on the great ranges in which they take their rise. The crossing of the Indus at Sukkur on the Northwestern Railway, of which we give two views, may serve as a good illustration both of the magnitude of the work of bridge-building and of the care that has been taken to prevent these highways becoming an assistance to enemies either from without or within the country.

The view from beneath of the longest span of the bridge gives a good idea of the magnitude of the work. It is also interesting as one of the earliest instances of the application of the cantilever principle to bridge-building on a large scale. It is an imposing-looking structure, and although less graceful in outline than later bridges built on the same principle both in India and elsewhere, it remains a fine example of boldness of construction at a time when the new principle had been but recently introduced and had nowhere been applied on a very large scale. The span shown is 840 feet long, and the bridge, besides providing for the railway in the centre, supplies a road for passengers on foot and for beasts of burden—principally donkeys at this point—on either side.

Our second picture gives a view of the provision made for the protection of the bridge from attack by enemies. It is taken from the northern bank. Similar but even more extensive fortifications are placed at the other end, commanding both the bridge and the river itself with its powerful artillery. It must be admitted that these fortifications add largely to the picturesque effect of these bridges, but they also serve to remind strangers very pointedly that the rulers of India are fully alive to the risks they run in holding this immense and much-envied possession, and are prepared to do all that may be needed to make good the position they have spent so much to gain.

Another bridge of a very different kind is that which has been erected by the Maharajah of Kashmir across the river Tawi to connect his winter capital, Jummu, with the branch railway which comes to the western bank of the Tawi, just opposite the city. It was originally intended to extend the line by bridge across the river into the town, but at the last moment the Maharajah, who was finding the necessary capital for the undertaking, changed his mind and decided that the railway should not cross the river, but that he would himself erect a bridge to enable his people to reach the terminus. The bridge, a view of which we give, was the result. As might perhaps have been expected, it is not a success. It is built of suspended spans each three hundred feet long, without lateral bracing or stays of any kind. The consequence is a structure that sways and springs in a manner calculated to try the nerves of most passengers, both men and animals. Elephants display an extreme distrust of the Maharajah's engineering, and the better class of his subjects prefer, when possible, to ford the Tawi, as formerly, on the backs of their elephants.

The great railway bridge over the Indus, near Attock, where the river approaches nearest to the spurs of the Himalayas in the direct route to the great pass, is a work of a very different class. At this point the river is subject to great and very sudden floods. It is not an unusual thing for it to rise perpendicularly from eighty to ninety feet within twenty-four hours, and at these times it is not easy to imagine the character of the headlong stream. The length of the bridge is about half a mile, and its height above the ordinary level of the water about a hundred and twenty feet. It is a girder bridge of two levels—an upper, which serves to carry the railway, and a lower, to serve all the purposes of ordinary traffic. Our view of the bridge is taken from the western side of the Indus, which is that nearest the great range and the Khyber Pass, and the heavy fortifications that loom up on the high grounds on the further side of the river, as well as the strong and heavily armed towers which guard the western end of the structure itself, show how jealously this great link in the highway into India has been guarded. The towers at each end of the bridge are provided with heavy doors of steel, which, running in grooves from each side, effectually close both the upper and lower roadways against traffic.

From the crossing of the Indus the distance is only about thirty miles to Peshawur, which is at present the town nearest to the Afghan frontier and the great pass. The defensive works at this place appear, to non-military eyes especially, to be of a very formidable character indeed, but a more careful examination will arouse something more than a suspicion that they are, after all, not intended to be more than temporary as the extreme defence of the limit of the empire. Considerable as they are, and formidable as they would be to any force coming from the pass at present, they bear no comparison with the enormous and apparently impregnable works that guard the northern approaches to the Bolan Pass at and near Quetta. Peshawur is situated some miles on the south or Hindostan side of the Khyber Pass, and it is scarcely possible to doubt that within a very few years the frontier, which is still at a rather indefinite point within the pass, will by some means be advanced to the northern end, which is at present admittedly within Afghanistan. When this is done, no doubt the defensive works that guard the often-traversed route by which invaders have entered India since the first Aryan tribes penetrated from the great Asian table-land into its fertile plains will be made as effectual as those that already render the more western entrance secure from attack.

At present more dependence is placed on the large force which occupies the southern entrance to the pass than on the fortifications that command the road. Our two pictures of an elephant battery of heavy artillery, which were taken at the camp at Campbellpore, not far from the railway crossing at Attock, may serve to give some idea of this important and highly characteristic arm of the military service on the Indian frontier. The battery is one of six 100-pounder guns, and to each gun there are three huge elephants, two to draw, and the third, if need be, to push from behind. To each cannon there are two caissons and a forage-cart, and for these there are provided forty large oxen as well as four mules. There are thus, for the entire battery of six guns, eighteen elephants, two hundred and forty oxen, twenty-four mules, and thirty-six horses, as the animals constituting the moving power of this single battery. On the line of march these would extend almost a mile in length. At first sight, looking to the weight of the huge guns and equipment, and to the character of the country, it seems almost impossible that they could be moved about so as to be effectively used. This, however, is a mistaken idea, as the elephants will drag the guns anywhere that affords footing for their own huge feet, which may be said to be almost literally wherever a man can go, and the bullock train will follow wherever the elephants make a path.

At present the Khyber Pass is, for one-half its length, that is, as far as Fort Ali Musjid, which is nearly midway between the British and Afghan sides of the range, a sort of no man's land, the right to which is not settled. It extends about ten miles, and is open for traffic on two days only in each week. Beyond this point Europeans are not allowed to go, so this was necessarily the limit of our journey towards Afghanistan. This part of the pass is, for the present, under the charge of a chief who is trusted by both parties, whose business it is to provide for the safety of travellers through this part of the pass against the attacks of the bands of outlawed marauders that abound wherever the strong arm of the British authorities is not felt on the frontier. The traffic through the pass on the open days is very great, an almost continuous stream of camels of great size moving through it in single file, carrying the produce of the Indian markets to Kabul, the Afghan capital, on the further side of the pass. Our picture of caravan-day a short distance outside the southern entrance of the pass gives some idea of the traffic, and also of the great burden-bearing capacity of the huge, ungainly camels in use in the district. These camels are the largest we have seen, and eight of them are regarded as able to carry the load of a railway car through the pass. It can hardly be many years, however, before this primitive mode of transport will have to give way to railway transit even in the great frontier pass of India, and when the opportunity arrives there would seem to be no natural obstacles to be encountered so great as those that have been already overcome in carrying the military railway over the Bolan Pass to Chaman in Baluchistan.

THIS BUSY WORLD

THE Earl of Dunraven did not give us very much of a Cup contest, but he gave us one of the very finest talks we have had in a dog's age. It has not been all clamor either, but a considerable, all things considered, a surprising proportion of it has been discussion. The earnest desire of the majority of the talkers in America has been to get at the rights of the subject, and the same disposition has shown itself to an unexpected degree in England. After all, a good lively talk which monopolizes public attention for three or four days and gets a share of it for weeks afterwards is valuable goods and not to be sniffed at, and perhaps the dimensions of our obligations to Dunraven are greater than we appreciate.

The most eminent living hack-writer is Mr. Andrew Lang. He always speaks of himself as a hack, and it is precisely what he is. He differs from most hack-writers in being better at his business than they are, and also in being better pleased with his profession. In the London *Illustrated News* he chides the hack who lately confessed himself in the *Forum* for his discontent. "In spite of his somewhat morose tone," says Mr. Lang, "I am sure he likes hacking better than being a lawyer, a profession on which he casts a longing eye." For himself, Mr. Lang says: "I had liefer scribble my chat on a lawn than 'sit aye ben,' as Kingsley's poacher says, in a court of justice, or among a merchant's dismal mahogany furniture, yea, or in an editor's office. How editors keep their health, temper, and five poor wits is a mystery."

Nobody has confessed as yet to the authorship of the *Forum's* lively confessions. They smacked so strongly of realism as to make it seem certain that their author was conversant through long experience with the subject of which he discoursed. But it seems so unlikely that any hack-writer would have confessed, unless he was on the verge of voluntary retirement from his business, that the most credible opinion appears to be that the confessions were the outpourings of some editor, who in his day had known the hack-writer's world, but had risen at length superior to its vicissitudes.

Starting a weekly paper is not so desperate an undertaking as starting a daily, but when well stuck to by a man of moderate fortune it can bring about a fairly thorough measure of financial depression. Two very well known Englishmen who have lately tried it with disastrous results are Mr. Sambourne and Mr. Sala. Mr. Sambourne's *Lika Joco* did not go, and ceased to be. How much its owner was inconvenienced by its cessation has not appeared, but the collapse of Mr. Sala's venture has used that veteran up in body, mind, and purse. He kept at it too long, sunk his savings in it, broke down his health over it, and has been ill for months at Brighton. His library was sold the other day, which is taken to betoken the most urgent necessities. A pension of a thousand pounds a year, recently granted him by the *Daily Telegraph*, places him beyond the reach of actual want, and if he gets well enough to drive a pen again he may still be able to command the comforts of British life, but his friends are sad over his misfortunes, and lament that so much adversity should have come upon him in the evening of life.

"Herreshoff" is a name with only a limited amount of Yankee twang to it, but the Herreshoffs have been New-Englanders for more than a century, and are as fully entitled to rank as Yankees as if they were Adamses or Perrys. Charles Frederick Herreshoff came from Germany in 1790, and settled on a farm on Prudence Island in Narragansett Bay. Captain "Nat" Herreshoff, who was christened "Nathaniel Greene," is one of the nine children of Charles Frederick's son. It is of him that Mr. Ratsey, the British sail-maker who sailed on the *Valkyrie*, said: "Herreshoff is a genius, and has mastered it all. He is not only a naval architect and designer, but an engineer as well." Whether Captain Nat has "mastered it all," or whether the perfected ability to build yachts is the result of the combined knowledge and talent of all the available Herreshoff brothers, is a question of interest, but not of great importance so long as the yachts are built. Three of the brothers are blind, and the head of the business concern at Bristol is the eldest of them, John Brown Herreshoff. How the blind brothers bring their wits to bear on such a business as boat-building is a mystery to all seeing people, and continues to be almost as great a mystery after their methods of work have been explained.

Dr. Burnett, of Washington, who must be described with due apologies as the husband of Frances Hodgson Burnett, the writer, is quoted as denying with comprehensive vigor a recent newspaper story about his relations with his wife. The story was that his wife had abandoned him, but Dr. Burnett says that the truth is that his wife's profession takes her to London and his keeps him in Washington, and that consequently they live much apart. But that there are other grounds for their separation than mere temporary convenience he denies with some wrath and much feeling.

Did you ever happen to remark how large a proportion of Southern ladies are belles? Our Northern idea of a belle is of a being in petticoats of such egregious loveli-

ness and grace that she shines conspicuous among her sisters, and excites more than her reasonable share of masculine admiration. There are belles in the North. A ball may have its belle; a season may have its belles. Charming young women who are special favorites in society are often spoken of as belles even to the northward of Mason and Dixon's line. But whereas with us the title is ephemeral, the expression of a passing sentiment, and carries no very momentous weight, among our Southern neighbors it seems to represent an achievement of solid value and permanence. In Kentucky or Virginia or Georgia once a belle seems to be always a belle. The title clings to its possessor, and long after the gayety of her youth has given place to soberer charms and demeanor she is still described as that erstwhile belle who so dazzled her contemporaries. Does the reader remember that he ever heard of a Kentucky girl who was not a great belle, or read an obituary of a Kentucky matron who was not described as "a great belle in her youth"? There must be more belles in Kentucky alone than in all the Middle States, though not more perhaps than in Virginia or Georgia. Dixie abounds in lovely women, but even her abundant possession of the raw material out of which belles are made seems hardly to account for this disproportionate development.

There must be some other reason for it, and there are grounds for the belief that such a reason exists in certain characteristics of the Southern man. It is asserted by women of experience who have been out in society in the South that, socially speaking, the Southern man is as different from the Northern man as men are from women, or fish from flesh. The Northern man is polite (when he *is* polite), but the Southern man's politeness runs into gallantry. A Northern woman who has been an object of masculine attention in a Southern city is apt to remember it all her life, and to recall it with regret. The Southern women are belles because the Southern men make them so. That seems to be the secret of it. Northern men may smile at it, but Northern women will take it more seriously, and wish, not improbably, that it happened so also to them.

The *Critic* offers twenty-five dollars for the best poem on bicycling or the bicycle, and ten dollars for the second best. What the *Critic* is after is doubtless not so much to test the capacity of the contemporary poets as to demonstrate that there is no poetry in bicycling and the bicycle, and that it is useless to try to get any out. An examination of the English language reveals only a single word that can be harnessed with bicycle in Mæonian verse, and that word unfortunately stands for a commodity which is out of season when bicycles are in. If the use of the contraction "bike" is allowed, the field is greatly enlarged; but bike is slangy, and slang is usually felt to be inadmissible in twenty-five-dollar poems. A bike poem might possibly take second money, which is more than is conceivably possible for any poem in which the bicycle figures as a "wheel."

What a queer, itinerant, hurdy-gurdy sort of enterprise is the Columbian Liberty bell's trip around the world. The bell started from Chicago on September 13th on its way to the Atlanta Exposition. It is to stay there two months, then to go to New Orleans and the city of Mexico, and on from there, according to plans not yet perfected, but which include a ringing at Runnymede, England, in honor of the Magna Charta, and another on Mount Ararat, in honor of Captain Noah, of the Ark. The bell's journey is likely to abound in incidents. On the last day of its stay in Chicago it was attached for debt, and on the first day of its travels it was hammered with a sledge-hammer by an unterrified citizen of Arcola, Illinois, who was abandoned by bellman Knapp to the mercies of the crowd as "a villain who had grossly insulted American pride by striking one of its cherished emblems."

The more the Columbian bell travels, the less difficulty there is likely to be in keeping the original and only Liberty bell hanging where it belongs, in Philadelphia.

There is a story in the newspapers, which seems to be intended to be taken seriously, about the telephone newspaper which has been working successfully for two years at Pesth, Hungary. It is called the *Telephone Herald*, has 6000 subscribers, costs two cents, and issues 28 editions daily. A special wire 168 miles long connects it with its subscribers, in whose houses long flexible wires permit the receivers to be carried from room to room. At the office of the journal ten men with strong voices take turns in talking the news into the telephones. This modern journal makes all its deliverances to its subscribers according to a stated schedule, which lets them know what to expect at stated hours of the day. It gives them the telegraphic news duly and carefully edited, the local news, articles on various subjects, and whatever other newspapers have. When there is nothing more important to communicate the subscribers are entertained by vocal and instrumental music, sometimes discoursed for their especial benefit, sometimes gathered from concert-halls or churches where music is going on.

If all this really happens at Pesth, and not in the moon, Pesth must be the finest place for illiterate, blind, bedridden, and incurably lazy people in the world. It would not appear, however, that a telephone newspaper is of value as a time-saving device, or that it is any less devastating to the faculties than a modern journal which distributes its news in the ordinary way.

William Simpson, who is supposed to have come to this country from the north of Ireland between 1748 and 1750, settled in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, served later in the Continental army, and died in 1816. He had two sons and two daughters. One of the daughters, Ann, married John Davis, and their son Samuel was the father of Jefferson Davis. One of the sons, John, moved from Pennsylvania to Ohio, and had a daughter, Hannah, who eventually turned out to be the mother of General Grant. There is still a son and a daughter to be accounted for, and it remains to be seen whether Mr. Washington Davis, who is at work on the family, can show them up respectively as the forebears of Abraham Lincoln and Robert E. Lee. As far as he has gone he has done well. That General Grant and Jefferson Davis should have had the same great-grandfather is interesting if true, and Mr. Washington Davis states it as truth.

The Pilgrim Society of Plymouth, Massachusetts, has affixed to the wall of a farmhouse at Scrooby, England, a handsome bronze tablet, twenty-four by twenty-nine inches in size, which bears this inscription:

"This tablet is erected by the Pilgrim Society of Plymouth, Massachusetts, United States of America, to mark the site of the ancient Manor-House where lived William Brewster from 1588 to 1608, and where in 1606 he organized the Pilgrim Church, of which he became ruling elder, and with which he went in 1608 to Amsterdam, in 1609 to Leyden, and in 1620 to Plymouth, where he died, August 16, 1640."

There is nothing left of the manor-house, and Scrooby Church in the village near by was thought to be too modern to bear the inscription, but the farm-house to which the tablet was affixed is a substantial building, with heavy masonry walls, and stands close by the site of the old manor-house.

E. S. Martin.

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The new botanic discovery, Alkavis, is an assured cure for kidney and bladder diseases, pain in back, and rheumatism. The best proof is that the Church Kidney Cure Company, 418 Fourth Avenue, New York, will send you treatment by mail prepaid free, if you send them your name and address. Alkavis has certainly wrought some wonderful cures, and we advise our readers to try it, as it is offered free.—[*Adv.*]

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AMATEUR SPORT

DUNRAVEN'S LETTER OF DEFENCE, so-called, has been published, and after a manner quite as silly as all the other moves in the whole silly business. It would be discourteous to the Cup Committee of the N.Y.Y.C., so Dunraven said, to give to the public his letter to them until the committee had been allowed time to read and consider its contents. After delivering himself of which, he cabled the whole "blooming letter" to London, and, of course, our wide-awake press representatives got hold of it and cabled it back to New York. Dunraven's friends had led us to expect much from this letter. They were not kind to us, for we spent some time digesting it, and gained nothing for the labor. Briefly, the letter, weak in argument, only set forth in labored elaboration Dunraven's already uttered complaints, and the reiterated wish for a race unwatched and unannounced; upon which *The Sun* editorially gives us this delicious bit of comment:

"... We cannot believe that Lord Dunraven would have been satisfied even if the race had been started, as he proposed, in secrecy and silence, at an hour and on a course concealed from the excursion steamers. A whale might have cut across his bows at the start. Even if the start was satisfactory, how could he tell that a whale or a waterspout might not turn up before all the legs of the course had been pulled off."

The letter is not worth the space it would take, hence we do not print it.

SUBSEQUENTLY THE CORRESPONDENCE between Iselin and Dunraven was published, and contained no more than we already knew—*i. e.*, Iselin's offer to resail that second race and Dunraven's declination. Then we learned of Iselin's proposition to the *America's* Cup Committee to call off the series, from the conclusion of which Dunraven had retired in chagrin and a huff, and to sail it all over again. But we are very glad a similar spasm of generosity did not seize upon the committee. To have nullified the contest, comprised even though it was of a race, a foul, and a fizzle, would have been to establish a most dangerous precedent, to lessen the importance of the Cup itself, and a most undignified proceeding for the New York Yacht Club. Unless it was to match Dunraven's suggestions with one equally witless, the proposal does not commend itself to us. At the same time, it is one more instance of Iselin's untiring efforts to reach a satisfactory conclusion, and incidentally to give Dunraven all the racing he wanted.

I should not like to close this international episode without reproducing two samples of acute British melancholia superinduced by disappointment in *Valkyrie III.* Maybe they will prove interesting in showing to what total disregard of truth the frenzy of defeat will lead some. The *Field*, that "gentleman's journal," seems to have grown delirious:

"In view of the New York Yacht Club's impotence to deal with the rabble of excursion steamers, Lord Dunraven properly declined to continue the contest. The obstruction of the steamers was of the usual pattern, and was denounced by the club and the press in the usual perfunctory manner. But what is the use of all this when the transatlantic idea of sport is to prevent its being carried out in the dull routine of sportsmanlike methods? In fact, the whole history of the *America's* Cup from the initial race to the last contest has been a mere pantomime of yacht-racing, with a sportsman on one side and a sporting man on the other. The cumulative unfairness of the whole business renders it desirable that there be no more set contests between yachts representing Great Britain and the United States."—*London Field.*

WHILE ADMIRAL MONTAGU'S HYPOCHONDRIA appears to have betrayed him into a humorous sally:

"I feel convinced, knowing Lord Dunraven as I do, that he would have been the last man not to have seen the race out, win or lose, if the mob had given the *Valkyrie* and *Defender* fair play, but picnic parties and lobster-salad parties are not to his taste, nor the screeching of whistles and fog sirens and the wash and turmoil of steamers during an international race, impeding the course from start to finish."

Following now with the *America's* Cup Committee's final letter to Dunraven, we bring the business up to date and close it:

"NEW YORK YACHT CLUB, NEW YORK, *September* 17, 1895.

"MY LORD,—We have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter dated September 13th. We would be glad to limit our reply to acknowledging its receipt, but as this whole matter will probably come before the public we feel that we should correct certain misapprehensions which we fear may arise.

"You say: 'The request that Mr. Canfield should not open my letter of the 10th was unnecessary, as the Cup Committee were not hearing the protest.' You inform Mr. Canfield that you had learned that the Cup Committee had nothing to do with the protest, and at the same time you request him to keep the letter (of the 10th) unopened until the protest had been decided. You did not inform him that it was unnecessary to refrain from opening your letter.

"If the details which you give as to time of delivery, etc., of letters imply any neglect or discourtesy on the part of the committee, we must deny that there has been any such neglect, and must disclaim any intention of being discourteous—otherwise we agree with you that these facts are of minor importance.

"Your assertion that you named no new conditions in your letter of the 10th is absolutely exact. We should have said in your letter of the 11th. In your letter of the 10th you only declined to continue the contest under the existing circumstances, and gave your reasons for declining. In the interview at the Waldorf at 9 P.M., September 11th, you stated upon what conditions you would continue, and you adopted substantially the same conditions in your letter of September 11th.

"In the interview at the Waldorf the two representatives of the committee pledged the committee to one condition, namely, to secure a clear start, and obtained your permission to postpone the time of the starting for that purpose.

"The representatives declined absolutely to agree to the condition that the committee should assume the grave responsibility of declaring the race void if in their judgment either vessel were interfered with by the attending vessels. In our opinion it would be impossible to secure a race absolutely free from interference, and the relative amount of interference would be much too delicate a point for us to decide. The representatives declined to agree to postpone the race fixed for the next day, Thursday. The representatives informed you that the question of not announcing the dates and times of starting any future races must be submitted to the committee. The representatives assured you of renewed efforts through the press and during the race to secure a clear course. You finally declined to say whether you would sail the next day's race (Thursday's) or not, and said that, in any event, *Valkyrie* would cross the starting-line.

"In view of the definite replies given by them, we cannot understand how you could doubt that the representatives sent you were acting for and with the authority of the committee.

"As to postponing Thursday's race in order to consider your letter of the 11th, the committee felt that the points had been fully covered in the conference at the Waldorf, and did not desire more time for reconsideration of the answers given by the representatives at that time. The committee did not consider as practicable your suggestion to keep secret the dates and times of starting any future races.

"You raise the question as to whether your complaint of the steamers was justifiable or not. The steamers undoubtedly interfered with *Valkyrie*, and *Defender* as well, and there seems to be no reason why you should not have complained of such interference; but we certainly demur to your conclusion that therefore the Cup Committee, having admittedly done all in their power, were bound to give redress before the next race was sailed.

"You fully knew the objections to a course off New York two years ago, and nearly one year ago you suggested a change of locality. This proposition we declined at that time. There was the best of evidence at the start on Thursday that the course, as well as the start, would be kept clear. It seems to us that the question before every one is not whether your complaint was justifiable, but whether your action in withdrawing from the contest on the grounds of your complaint was justifiable.

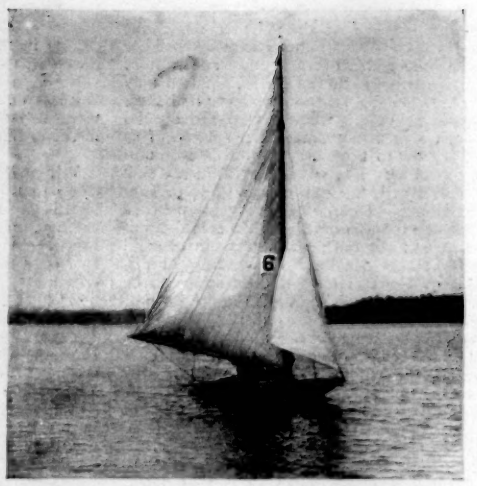
"As to your suggestion that the Regatta Committee might have ordered Tuesday's race resailed, we reply that we must decline to discuss the action of a fellow-committee.

"In conclusion, we would express our profound regret and chagrin that a friendly contest in a noble sport, between two great nations, should have degenerated into a war of words.

"We have the honor to remain your obedient servants,

"JAMES D. SMITH, Chairman,
"A. CASS CANFIELD, Secretary,
"For the *America's* Cup Committee.

"The Earl of Dunraven."



"ETHELWYNN," THE CUP-DEFENDING HALF RATER

Dunraven is about to sail for England, Watson and Ratsey and Glennie have taken passage on the next steamer, *Valkyrie* is rigged and stored for her voyage home, and both *Defender* and *Vigilant* remain unchallenged.

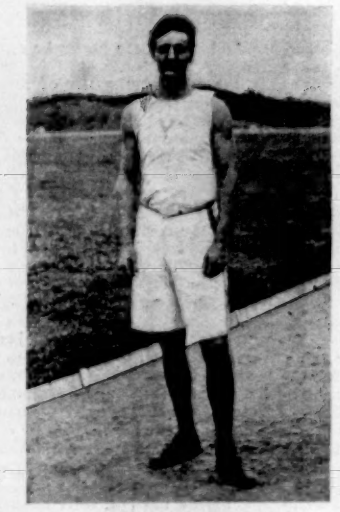
WE SHOULD LIKE TO SEE *Defender* or *Vigilant*, or both, in British waters next season, but hope that if either goes over a best two out of three series will first be arranged for around the Isle of Wight, and after that the American yacht can enter with impunity as many of the club regattas over landlocked courses as her managers choose. But we should not like her sailing qualities to be tested only over those club courses on which knowledge of tides and eddies plays so important a part.

THE MANNER IN WHICH the University of Pennsylvania turned the tables on the Oxford-Cambridge eleven at Wissahickon was quite as gratifying as the mere winning. Philadelphia batsmen have been often told, and with some justice, that their courage failed them against English teams at the critical moment; this flinching was manifest in the second match against the Australians in 1893, and in both matches against Lord Hawke's team in 1894. But in the present year of grace the Pennsylvanians, having to follow on by reason of a lame and badly managed first innings on a good wicket—284 to 138 were the scores—played the follow-on trick to perfection. They banged the English bowling so vigorously and so often that they got 307 runs (and might have had more), and left the visitors 162 to make in order to win—a fighting chance, with the odds well against us. Then, for the first time in cricketing history, the Englishmen completely funked. Nine wickets were down at luncheon-time for 37, and the side got only 61. It was a slaughter.

PERHAPS IT WAS, after all, not quite the first funk on record. There were two famous old-time games in which the Philadelphia twenty-two very badly scared the most powerful elevens that have ever been seen in this country, when wickets went down like grass before C. Newhall and "Penny" Meade. But those were the days of county creases and twenty-twos, and the bowling of Meade and Newhall against Ottoway's eleven has never been equalled in America. Not that Patterson and Clark did not bowl well at Wissahickon. They bowled capitally. But the American team-work was what did it; the bowling might have been worse, and the result would have been the same. Two or three wickets went quickly down, and the field worked with such dash that the whole side was paralyzed. Pennsylvania could not help winning.

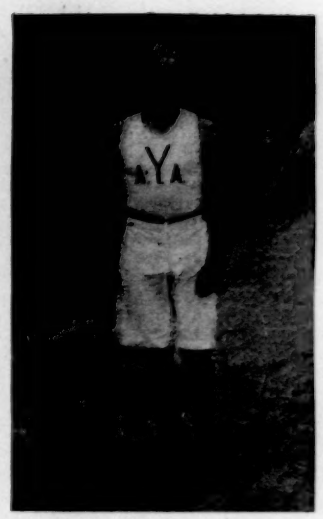
THE RESULT OF this match ought to have the best effect

MANHATTAN FIELD—SCENE OF THE INTERNATIONAL ATHLETIC GAMES.
L.A.C. *vs.* N.Y.A.C., September 21st. Cambridge *vs.* Yale, October 5th



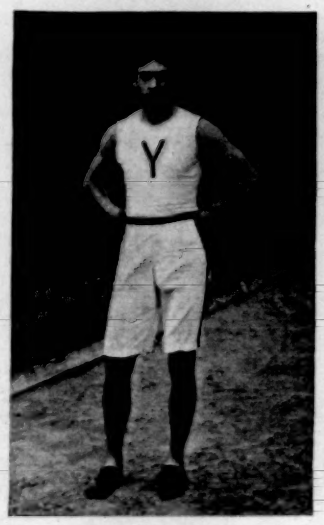
CAPTAIN L. P. SHELDON, YALE.
Broad jump, 22 feet 11 inches; high jump, 5 feet 9 inches.

J. E. MORGAN, YALE.
Mile run, 4 minutes 30 seconds.



F. E. WADE, YALE.
440 yards, 51 1-2 seconds.

W. O. HICKOCK, YALE.
16 pound shot, 43 feet; hammer, 135 feet 7 inches.



E. H. CADY, YALE.
120-yard hurdles, 16 seconds.

WILLIAM RICHARDS, YALE.
100 yards, 10 1-5 seconds.

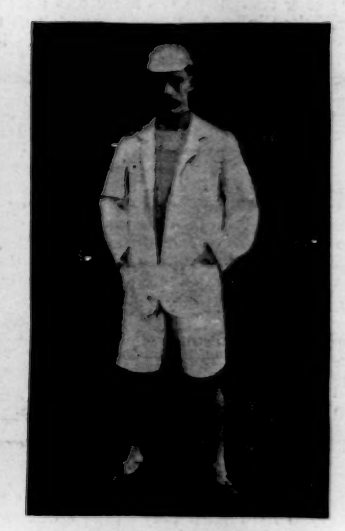
J. H. THOMPSON, JUN., YALE.
High jump, 5 feet 10 inches.

P. W. CRANE, YALE.
880 yards, 2 minutes 1 second.

H. P. CROSS, YALE.
16-pound hammer, 135 feet.

L. E. PILKINGTON, CAMBRIDGE.
120-yard hurdles, 16 2-5 seconds.

E. J. WATSON, CAMBRIDGE.
16-pound shot, 37 feet 9 inches.



E. H. WILDING, CAMBRIDGE.
100 yards, 10 2-5 seconds.

CAPTAIN F. S. HORAN, CAMBRIDGE.
880 yards, 1 minute 55 4-5 seconds.

A. B. JOHNSTON, CAMBRIDGE.
High jump, 5 feet 8 inches.

W. E. LUTYENS, CAMBRIDGE.
Mile run, 4 minutes 19 4-5 seconds.

CAMBRIDGE *VS.* YALE—FIRST STRING MEN FOR TRACK AND FIELD ATHLETIC GAMES, OCTOBER 5TH.—[SEE "AMATEUR SPORT."]

at the cricketing colleges, and if the Philadelphians will only see to it that an inter-university match is arranged regularly for the next two or three years, I have no doubt many of the preparatory schools will begin playing the game. St. Paul's is already a nursery of cricket, and Groton and Berkeley and the rest should follow. No sport is a better school for a boy or brings him into more desirable company, and in no international contests will he get so much of both fun and κῦδος with so little chance of squabbling. I congratulate the University of Pennsylvania. It is true that Druce was ill, and could not play for his eleven; and anyway the match was hardly a test, for Pennsylvania played a Past and Present team, while Oxford and Cambridge lads are all undergraduates. Everybody understands the difference in conditions. Cricket in the American colleges is still at nurse. But what was shown in the match at Wissahickon was that there could have been a much larger proportion of undergraduates in the Pennsylvania eleven. I shall be much surprised if the Gentlemen of Philadelphia allow Mitchell's team to win either of the next two matches. The Pennsylvania game, in which neither King nor Baily bowled, was the Englishmen's best chance. They are really by no means so strong as Philadelphia.

THE RACES BETWEEN *Spruce IV.*, challenger, and *Ethelwynn*, defender, for the first international half-rater challenge cup ever given began Saturday, but, unluckily, there was too little wind even for such tiny craft, and the race was called off after about one-third of the twelve miles had been covered. In the little opportunity had for comparing the two *Spruce VI.* seemed to show up the better in reaching and running, and *Ethelwynn* in windward work. Beginning Monday, September 23, the contest will be continued until one has crossed the line first a majority of times in five races. *Ethelwynn* has shown herself fast in light weather. *Spruce IV.* is the successor of *Spruce III.*, which was the speediest boat of her class in all England, and Brand says the present boat is the fastest he ever owned. She is a stanch, workmanlike-looking craft, and Brand is a very clever sailor. *Spruce* is 23 ft. 4 in. length over all, 15 ft. l.w.l., 3 ft. 9 in. fore overhang, and 4 ft. 6 in. after overhang; extreme beam, 6 ft.; at waterline, 4 ft. 8 in.; draught, 6 inches. The rig is a lug mainsail, with canoe reefing-gear, and a roller jib.

THE SEAWANHAKA-CORINTHIAN YACHT CLUB has always commended itself most highly to sportsmen by its continuous efforts to encourage small-yacht racing. It has really done more in that direction than any club hereabouts, and its work has impressed itself upon yachtsmen. Curiously enough, with coasts so extensive and such fine sailing waters for small craft everywhere, our fleet of modern small yachts is very small. In England small-yacht racing attracts a great deal of attention and furnishes no end of sport, and especially is this true of what are known as the one-rater and half-rater classes. Last winter J. Arthur Brand, one of the most skilful small-boat sailors in England, wrote the New York Canoe Club to the effect that he would like to race his boat *Spruce IV.*, a half-rater, in American waters. Half-raters being a type almost unknown here, and not conforming to canoeing restrictions, the letter was referred to the Seawanhaka Club. And thus it came about that this yacht club, responding at once to Mr. Brand's letter, offered a $500 challenge cup as an international half-rater trophy, and immediately set about encouraging the building of a mosquito fleet of defenders.

THE TRIAL RACES WERE HELD by the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club, off its Oyster Bay station, and were open to members of yacht clubs of the United States, the limit of measurement 15 ft. racing length by the Seawanhaka rule (length and sail area), to be sailed by two men, the helmsman an amateur, the crew, or an equivalent weight of 300, on board at the time of measurement, and no shifting ballast allowed. There was, of course, no time allowance between the boats, and the races were all started from gun-fire, without other timing, the first boat in to be declared the winner.

T. C. Zerega offered two special prizes in the name of the late Robert Center—a chronograph for the amateur helmsman, and a sailor's knife for the crew of the boat which was handled in the most seamanlike manner throughout the series. The seven boats entered made up a most interesting collection of types. Herreshoff was represented by *Trust Me* (sailed by her owner, Mr. Charles Clark), built last year, a fin-keel, and an exact duplicate of the very successful *Wee Win*, sent to England in 1892; and also by a new boat, *Olita*, owned by Vice-Commodore Rouse, Seawanhaka-Corinthian Yacht Club. This boat was ordered immediately on the establishment of the international trophy last April, and was designed for a measurement of 15 ft. by American rules, rather than the British equivalent of one-half rating. She is an extreme skimming-dish, 20 ft. over all, 6 ft. 3 in. beam, and but 3 in. draught, having a square transom, with no after overhang, and a long low bow barely clear of the water. She is practically open, with a bulkhead near each end, and a large cockpit. Her centre-plate is of Tobin bronze, dropping three feet; she has a boom and gaff mainsail, and carries no ballast. A fin-keel, the *Osprey*, was built by the Herreshoffs at the same time for W. K. Vanderbilt, but failed to start in the races.

THE SECOND FIN-KEEL IN THE CLASS was *Trilby*, a very handsomely built boat, designed and sailed by Charles Olmstead, and owned by Commodore Tyson, of the Riverside Yacht Club. She is 5ft. 6 in. wide, with a deep and narrow bulb-fin. The Indian Harbor Yacht Club entered a boat called *L'Indienne*, a lapstrake centreboard of 7 ft. beam, designed and built by Messrs. Newell and McAlleece; and C. J. Field, of the same club, entered the *Ethelwynn*, another new boat specially built for the class. She was designed by W. P. Stephens, and is 25 ft. 4 in. over all, 14 ft. 6 in. water-line, 6 ft. extreme beam, 4 ft. 8 in. beam at waterline, and 6 in. draught. Her centreboard is a deep, narrow plate of manganese bronze, the fore edge nearly vertical when lowered, the extreme draught being 5 ft. She has two water-tight compartments, one at each end of the cockpit. While all of the other boats carried the conventional boom and gaff mainsail, *Ethelwynn* had the peculiar rig devised by C. J. Stevens for his one-rater *Scarecrow*, a leg-o'-mutton or Bermudian sail, hoisting on a pole mast—a rig that has always been looked upon with disfavor.

AN INTERESTING VARIATION from these new types was *F. and R.*, a sharpie, or rather skiff, with a flat bottom, designed and built by her owners, Messrs. Wyckoff, of Clinton, Connecticut. She carried a very large jib, her sail plan having the ordinary proportions of the "jib and mainsail" rig, and has been very successful for two seasons in the races on the Sound about Clinton. The most unique craft of the lot was the "*?*" (*What Is It?*), designed and built by L. R. Huntington, of New Rochelle, and sailed by his brother and another young boy. She is 24 ft. long over all, 5 ft. beam, and the deck is not even flat, being slightly higher in the middle than at the two ends. The bottom is slightly rockered, but as the extreme depth amidships is barely one foot, the boat is little more than a thick plank. The stern is square and the sides nearly parallel, the bow being rounded in to a point. The rig includes a boom and gaff mainsail and a very small jib. The centreboard is of steel, 6 ft. long, and weighs 155 lbs. The boat is roughly and heavily built and rigged, and therefore handicapped beside the mahogany hulls and fine sails of *Ethelwynn* and *Trilby* and the extreme light construction of *Olita* and *Trust Me*. Unlike the other boats, which have open cockpits, giving some shelter and change of position to the crews, *What Is It's* crew are compelled to sit or to lie flat on deck, washed by every sea in bad weather.

THE RACES WERE SET FOR AUGUST 26TH, 27TH, and 28th, the course for the first and third days being a triangle with 3-mile sides, sailed twice, or 12 miles; and for the second day a leeward leg of three miles with a beat back, also sailed twice. The weather in all of the races was very light, varying from a drift up to a good working breeze; but the latter was found only for a short time in each race, most of the sailing being done in a light wind. This weather failed to give a test of the *What Is It?* and *Trust Me*, and also of the hard-weather qualities of the other boats, but it represented very fairly the average conditions on the south side of the Sound.

In the first race *Ethelwynn* won from *Olita* by great windward work. The second race found five boats at the line, *F. and R.* and *L'Indienne* having withdrawn. The wind was again light, and *Olita* and *Ethelwynn* made a very even start. This time on the wind *Ethelwynn* left *Olita*, and finally finished with a lead of 4 min. 45 sec. over *Olita*, 3 min. 22 sec. over *What Is It?* and 7 min. over *Trilby*.

THE FINAL RACE BEGAN WITH A REACH in a very heavy air, *Ethelwynn* gaining 1 min. 28 sec. on *Olita* at the first mark, the others far astern. After a drifting match on the second leg the wind came a little fresher as the day declined, and *Ethelwynn* again showed her wonderful windward work, gaining 7 min. on *Olita*, *What Is It?* being a close third, and *Trilby* and *Trust Me* far astern. The light-weather performance of *Ethelwynn* on all points was so satisfactory, and she had shown such an added speed with every increase of the wind, that the committee consulted only a few minutes before selecting her to defend the cup against *Spruce IV.* The decision over the Zerega prizes was a more difficult matter, the boats being generally very well sailed, but they were finally awarded to the skipper and crew of *What Is It?*

In two respects these trials were even more interesting than those of the Cup-defenders; the larger number of boats and the greater diversity of type naturally making the result uncertain and the technical value of the test more positive, while the very small courses placed every exciting detail of the contest directly within the vision of the spectator; there was no losing of the boats for an hour in the distance, without knowledge of what had been done while out of sight. There was not a moment in the three days' racing when the position, trim, and course of each competitor was not plainly visible, almost without a glass.

THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF ANOTHER CHALLENGE FOR THE *America's* Cup before the defeated *Valkyrie III.* has left her New York anchorage, and the London daily press hardly ceased to vilify us, is exceedingly gratifying to American yachtsmen. It corroborates our faith in the sportsmanship of the Briton, and proves that he in turn believes in the sportsmanship of America. Furthermore, it shows the acceptance by English yachtsmen of the New York Yacht Club's course in the *Valkyrie-Defender* episode as entirely just. Nothing official has yet come to the New York Club concerning the challenge, and our knowledge is confined to the press cable, which reports an interview with Charles Day Rose, owner of the *Satanita*, and son of Sir John Rose, wherein he confirms rumor of his intended challenge for next year. Rose is a member of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club of Ryde, and it is more than likely the challenge will come through that club instead of the Royal Yacht Squadron, which seems to have got into the mire too deeply with Dunraven to extricate itself gracefully or in season. Meanwhile we congratulate ourselves on another international race.

THE PUBLICATION OF TWO DISSIMILAR SETS of football rules is notable chiefly as furnishing an instance of the extraordinary freaks minds otherwise well balanced will indulge in. That Yale and Princeton should espouse one set, and Harvard, Pennsylvania, and Cornell another, shows slight regard by these colleges for the best preservation and progress of American football. Even if there were never to be any more games between all these universities the changing of existing rules to suit their separate predilections shows a pronounced lack of consideration for the sport's welfare. It will result in a pretty state of affairs indeed if disagreeing colleges form distinct groups, and make rules agreeable to their several fancies. It is a dangerous precedent that might be followed wherever inclination prompted, and in any game. University football, baseball, and athletics should be governed in the United States by the same rules. Harvard and Yale and Princeton and Pennsylvania may have their differences and squabbles to their hearts' content, but in the adoption of football or baseball rules they must be agreed, else they will be the means of spreading confusion throughout the athletic country. The best way to revise football rules is through a committee made up of captains and *alumni* delegates from the leading universities. In fact, it is the only way. We all realize the rules need some further revision, but the game is not to be benefited by separate colleges arraying themselves one against the other, and certainly two sets of rules are utterly impracticable. I cannot understand why these very simple facts do not present themselves to college legislators before the latter are committed. The itching for combat appears to dull common-sense as well as sportsmanship.

And how absurd for Harvard and Yale to deliver themselves of dissimilar rules just as they are coming together to arrange for a game! It only furnishes another point for settlement, and there were enough without it. Within the next ten days an agreement will in all likelihood be reached between Harvard and Yale covering three to five years in all sports, and we shall then look for a speedy adjustment of these football-rule differences as well as all other differences. And may there never be another occasion for "settlements."

THE FIRST GENUINE POLO CHAMPIONSHIP of America will be decided this week on the Prospect Park Parade Grounds, Brooklyn. It is a flat event, and the first of its kind in this country for a championship. Three teams have entered—Country Club of Westchester, Myopia, and Rockaway—and for the first time the Meadow Brook, which so long held a foremost place in American polo, is not represented in an important tournament. Meadow Brook seems not to have appreciated in time the vital need to the maintenance of a first-class team—*i.e.*, the development of new material. There are many new men playing at Meadow Brook; in fact, there are three teams, but none of them have begun soon enough or have progressed fast enough.

On paper Rockaway seems the likeliest winner, because it has Keene and Cowdin—both of whom are in rare form—and, too, for the very good reason that they drew the bye, and will be fresh on Friday (September 27th, 3.30) to meet the winner of Tuesday's (September 24th) struggle.

Tuesday's winner is being decided while we are on the press, and it must be a grand struggle, for Westchester and Myopia are very evenly matched. Rockaway's success will depend a great deal on whether Cheever has attained consistent form; if he has not, or if Rutherford should have one of his off days—from which no amount of previous work appears invariably to save him—either Myopia or Westchester, whichever it is, will win.

INTERNATIONAL ATHLETIC MEETINGS are not a novelty to us. They were inaugurated back in the eighties, when the New York A.C. and the late Manhattan A.C. sent teams to England. One or two Irish teams have come and gone, not, however, without leaving ambitious members behind, an English aggregation of Harriers visited us in '91 for revenue only, and several individual athletes have journeyed from America to the other side and showed creditably. But at no time and at no place have there been two such strong teams matched as those representing the London A.C. and the New York A.C., nor a meeting which developed such remarkable performances as those on Manhattan Field Saturday last. The N.Y.A.C. team was the strongest that could be got together in the United States: it contained ten American champions, six men who finished second, and seven who finished third in the recent A.A.U. championships. The London A.C. team included five English champions, and four men who finished second in their championships, and although it was not the strongest Great Britain could have sent, in every event on Saturday, save the quarter-mile, the American winners surpassed the best performance ever made by an English athlete past or present.

THE PROGRAMME COMPRISED ELEVEN EVENTS, and the N.Y.A.C. won them all. Twice only, in the 120-yard hurdles and the quarter-mile run, was there what might be called a thrilling finish, and but five times, in the half-mile, 100 yards, hurdles, quarter-mile, and three miles, did a L.A.C. entry secure second honors. Three new world's records were made: 1 min. 53 2-5 sec. for half-mile, by C. J. Kilpatrick; 6 ft. 5 5-8 in. running high jump, by M. F. Sweeney; 21 3-5 sec. for 220-yard dash, by B. J. Wefers. Besides which, Wefers equalled the world's record of 9 4-5 sec. in the 100-yard dash, and Stephen Chase ran the 120-yard hurdles in 15 2-5 sec., one-fifth second better than his own, the world's record, but which will not be allowed him as a record because he knocked over one hurdle. Add to this marvellous performing the further facts that the track was in superb condition, the grounds very attractive, the games efficiently managed, and nothing more can be said except to congratulate the N.Y.A.C. on having successfully brought off the most remarkable meeting in the world's athletic history. In this connection certainly three men deserve especial mention—to wit, Captain H. H. Baxter, starter A. A. Jordan, and trainer Mike Murphy. No team ever entered a contest more fit than the N. Y. A. C.; it was trained to the hour; and Murphy has again demonstrated that he is without a peer in his profession.

THE MOST NOTABLE PERFORMANCE of the day was undoubtedly that of Kilpatrick's in the half. To beat by twelve yards so good a man as Horan, and lower by a second a world's record that has withstood for seven years the efforts of the greatest runners, is honor enough for one athlete. Lyons, besides running a clinking race, paced Kilpatrick faultlessly. Wefers's performance was probably more extraordinary, though his records may not be considered so notable as Kilpatrick's. In world's-record time he vanquished the great Bradley by a yard and a half, to say nothing of beating Crum 3¼ yards, in the 100 yards; while in the 220 (Downer breaking down at 50 yards) he won from Crum by 3 yards, and put a world's record to his credit, leading from start to finish in both events. The quarter-mile was quite the most exciting race of the day, and furnished a surprise in Jordan's magnificent form. Fitz-Herbert was the supposedly dangerous Englishman, and while Burke was waiting for him to make his effort in the stretch, Jordan suddenly opened out, and was leading by 3 yards before the American realized what had happened. Ten yards from the finish Jordan led by a foot, but Burke closed up, and as they crossed the tape so level were they that only the judges knew the American had won, and in 49 seconds.

Shaw was very unsteady on the mark in the other great race of the day, the hurdles, but the start was even; and though Chase led all the way, it was not by over a yard at the last hurdle, nor more than two feet at the finish. Conneff did not have to extend himself to win the mile in 4.18 1-5 (Lutyens giving out 200 yards from home), nor the three miles in 15.36 1-5 (Horan stopping at two miles). Sweeney won the high jump at 6 ft. (Williams and Baltazzi tied at 5 ft. 10 in.), whereupon he had the bar raised to 6 ft. 5 5-8 in., and on his third attempt cleared it. Bloss took the broad with 22 ft. 6 in., Sheldon second, 21 ft. 11 in.; Mitchell and Cross and Gray and Hickok won first and second in the hammer and shot. In all save the sprints, middle distances, and hurdles, the Englishmen were outclassed, and this despite the fact that, with the exception of Fitz-Herbert and Lutyens, both of whom seemed short of work, all performed up to their best form, and Horan, Jordan, and Shaw did better than ever before.

The N. Y. A. C. games next Saturday at Travers Island will furnish another great race between Chase and Shaw, and the U. of P. games Oct. 9th promise more good sport.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

Discussion of the Cambridge-Yale athletic teams that will meet October 5th is crowded out of this issue, and will be published next week.

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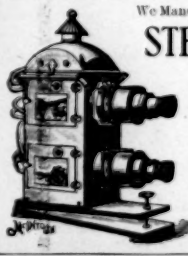

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